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Around Town.

The occasional receipt in Ottawa of a few dollars of "conscience money" directed to the heads of departments which have been defrauded, should be accepted largely as the result of a more or less morbid introspection on the part of a few of the many who have wrongfully "borrowed" from the Government the small sums which they repay. Conscience is a queer thing, and when it is active enough to force its possessor into repaying amounts improperly obtained, we may be reasonably sure that the "conscience" has become an inconvenience and it is easier to pay the money than to stand its persistent goading. If everyone who has evaded customs duties on coming into Canada, or who has overcharged the Government in contracts, or has in any way taken or accepted more than his or her own, were to repay what are practically stealings, quite a section of the debt of the Dominion could be almost at once wiped out. If those who have fraudulently escaped their share of municipal taxation, kept back a part of the pay of the poor, or "got the best" of their creditors, were willing and able to restore the moneys so obtained, hard times would be over and the millennium would shortly begin.

The fact that so few consciences are sufficiently active to make people restore moneys improperly obtained, is more significant than the occasional restoration of ill-gotten gains. Indeed, it would seem that the thing called conscience is generally a convenience rather than a silent monitor urging us to do right. If it were prodding away at the sinner as some would have us suppose, the locking of doors would not be a necessity, the counting of spoons in the silver-closet or cash in the till would become ridiculous. If we missed articles of value for a few days we would feel quite certain that they would be returned when conscience got its work in. Unfortunately, however, the money cannot be counted too often nor the audit of books take place too frequently, nor the locking up of silver be too carefully done, for it has long been demonstrated that if we trust our valuables to the keeping of somebody else's conscience we will get woefully left. Nothing demonstrates this more forcibly than the presence in every country of large and expensive organizations such as customs officers, policemen, inland revenue inspectors, tax-gatherers, preachers, etc. The man who searches your trunk or examines your importations has no belief in your conscience; neither has the policeman, nor the man who looks for illicit stills, and the great army of clergymen would not be in existence were it not to keep awake some semblance of that much belauded but seldom exercised faculty which is ordinarily supposed to be a mighty force.

Of course conscience is almost, if not entirely, an educated thing—if it can be called an entity at all—and even in the Christian world the conscience of one pious man will permit him to persecute another equally pious man who thinks differently. Furthermore, some people's consciences all run to sorrow over other people's misdeeds, while the same prompters can be very promptly silenced if they cause any loss of sleep to their possessors. Yet, again, one man's conscience is active with regard to money matters while it is silent with regard to almost all other affairs indicated by the ten commandments as equally important. Thus it is that a man who would not rob you of a dollar will cheerfully whisper away your good name; and women whose virtue could not be impugned will gossip to death thoughtless sisters who have made a mistake, but who at the great day of judgment will perhaps be found to have been God-fearing, and generous and loving to a fault.

Conscience, indeed! If it were some faculty, or impulse, or representative of the immortal part of us, why should it not be the same in everybody? If its whisperings are the whisperings of the Deity, why does it not whisper alike to all? I am not in the least disparaging the idea that there is an immortal spark within us, for I believe it, but damage is done to everybody who is taught that conscience is the great measurement by which we should forgive ourselves and other people. To excuse a thing which is done for conscience's sake is simply to excuse it—if it be a matter for excuse—on account of education or ignorance.

The most inexcusable—indeed, it seems to me the most contemptible—use or abuse of what we call conscience is the confession of wrong things done, when the confession will implicate and perhaps destroy other people. Those who have such peculiar consciences that they cannot keep a secret and do not feel happy until they have told everybody all they know, should be careful to avoid human contact altogether. To become scared of going to the bad place and make a confession which will, temporarily at least, damn another or a dozen others, is to act the part of the informer and the coward. It is one of the fallacies of religion as it is too often taught, that a death-bed confession will relieve the sinner of the penalties of crime. To make a death-bed restitution certainly has a meaning, for then the wrong will be righted; but to be simply overwhelmed with terror of the world to come and to proceed to destroy the happiness of everyone by babbling of everything in the past, is a terrible thing. That the Roman Catholic church has recognized this fact; that its priests hold sacred everything that comes to them by auricular confession; that the laws of every nation grant the privilege of the concealment

of these confessions made to priests, should certainly be *prima facie* evidence that both church and state do not consider the words of conscience or cowardice, or the words of confession, as belonging to the public; and it is a pity that the few who send conscience money to those who have been defrauded do not always hold their peace and withhold such little sermons as accompanied the fifteen dollars which furnished the occasion of these paragraphs.

A little story that is floating around in the press illustrates how praiseworthy one's conscience may be. It is related as a fact that about a year ago a house in Wichita, Kas., was entered by a burglar and a pocket-book containing a sum of money was stolen. A few days ago the owner of the purse received a letter through the mails, enclosing a \$10 bill and the following note:

"A year ago I stole a pocket-book from you containing \$60. I have been sick, and remorse has been gnawing at my heart, so I send you \$10. When remorse gnaws again I will send you some more."

BURGULAR.

heads. All this, be kind enough to observe, may be true, and yet the differences of methods make all the difference between doing wrong and doing right. If we employ our goods, our energies, our lives to do what will make other people happy and to encourage them to do the same, we are making the world better, and it matters little, in a temporal sense, whether we are doing it and expecting to be paid in earthly popularity or heavenly bliss. If we employ our strength, influence and positions to obtain either religious or political or financial preferment without regard to the happiness and well-being of others, we are a curse to the world and will naturally become a curse to ourselves. That a reward awaits any such person in the world to come seems so preposterous as not to be open for discussion. That there will be no reward for the refined selfishness which does good always without wearing any halo, but because doing good is pleasing and popular, does not seem reasonable, for we are all so much controlled by our material selves that it is difficult to decide when we do

would have them do to you, and work it out on the basis of not getting too much the worst of it, nor permitting anyone to give you too hard a crack. Love somebody or something, if it is only a dog, and keep in mind that the more people you like the more people will like you, and that life is not worth a rotten apple-core if you are the only person you like and the only poor thing that likes you.

At the meeting of the Press Association last week the editor of a country paper said that it was only the city publishers who favored the proposal to charge postage on newspapers. This is not quite true, because many country papers have declared in favor of paying postage, but it is so nearly true that we may call it a fact. It is, however, a peculiar fact, and any peculiar fact is worth looking into. Why should a city newspaper with a daily circulation of twenty or thirty thousand copies, ask the Government to charge postage on newspapers? It would mean a very heavy daily expenditure of money, and the man who asks

cut in half in the past four years. Evening papers that cost three or four dollars a year not long ago, are now selling for one dollar per year, and are almost double their former size. Immense papers from across the boundary lines are coming in—great factory-made papers, as cheap in merit as in price. The thing has only begun. City publishers are unable to decide where it will all end. They know that they are being overwhelmed by a new tendency towards bulk and cheapness, and that the safety and credit of the publishing business demand that some sort of a check must be devised, some brake must be put on. On my desk lies a thirty-two-column newspaper, containing only one column of live matter, the rest being boiler-plate. The plan of this sheet is to get a big advertisement for some departmental store or patent medicine firm, and send out five or ten thousand copies free by mail to approved addresses for a lump sum. This represents the other evil—the fake newspaper that competes with the legitimate daily. The city publisher, then, seeing the evils that are here, and those that threaten, favors postage.

Not publishing a daily paper, I can be candid as regards the rural press. It is perhaps safe to say that for each copy of a daily paper that went into the villages of Ontario four years ago, there are now fifteen. The dollar daily has only begun to get in its fine work. The local paper can never be crowded out, you say with much truth, for the local paper has a powerful hold. But it is walking into an ambush. The editor of a village weekly if offered an advertisement by a Toronto departmental store will refuse it in loyalty to local business houses. But yet, refusing the revenue that he could thus derive, he runs for nothing on errands for the departmental store by clubbing his paper with a dollar daily that contains nothing so conspicuous as the advertisement of the departmental store. By clubbing with and freely advertising the dollar daily, he places in the hands of his readers and the customers of his own advertisers an advertisement quoting cunning prices and instructing them how to do business by mail with the departmental store. Thus the mail carries free into his field the literature of the departmental stores of Toronto, and the mails carry also, for next to nothing, the merchandise of those institutions. The mail order business of one departmental store in Toronto runs weekly away up into many thousands of dollars. It is the competitor of every store in the province, and the scheme is only half developed as yet. Where will the local paper be when outside advertisers can cover its field in the dollar daily or the fifty-cent daily, and when the departmental stores have succeeded in smothering the local trade of all towns as the towns within touching distance of Toronto are already smothered? The props that keep up the local press will have been pulled away.

This matter of postage, then, is not one that interests only the country editor, but the country merchant, who, while postage of newspapers is free, is submitting to a tax that assists the departmental stores to place their bait under the noses of the people in every hamlet in Canada. The growth of this city and its trade is a good thing for residents of the city and I am telling tales out of school in writing this, but the forces at work are bigger than even the facts here pointed out would indicate, and I think the very commercial life of the country, as it is, hangs for the present on the action of the Postal Department. It is some satisfaction to be able, when a catastrophe comes, to say that "I told you so," but it is even more gratifying to be conscious that one has assisted to avert a calamity.

The ball given in New York on Wednesday evening by Mrs. Bradley-Martin—it is understood that the lady has a husband in her house, but he is never heard of—is said to have cost two or three hundred thousand dollars. It is the talk of the newspapers of two continents, and is almost enough to give anarchy the excuse it needs. The people who can scarcely get enough bread to keep them alive are likely to resent this ostentatious display of wealth. The masses have been getting the worst of it for a long time, although there is a pretense of fairness and justice in the relations of labor and capital. An Indian and a white man went shooting one day and bagged a turkey and a buzzard. "Now, I want to be perfectly fair," said the white man, "and so I'll take the turkey and you take the buzzard, or you can take the buzzard and I'll take the turkey." The Indian reflected for a moment and then complained that he could not understand the offer, so the white man with great candor repeated it. "Ugh!" grunted the Indian, "heap hell of buzzard for poor Injun!" A great many people have been getting buzzard all their lives.

But we do not quite hold with those who condemn Mrs. Bradley-Martin. She purposely held back her invitations so that it would be impossible for orders to be sent to Paris for costumes. The two hundred thousand-dollar dress spent by Mrs. Bradley-Martin was practically money thrown in the air, and which fell like a shower on the parched ground. This extravagant ball was not the crime; the crime was committed when the woman's father, old Isaac Sherman of Troy, N. Y., was allowed to amass a fortune of many millions, which his widow and daughter are trying in vain to squander. On with the frolic! Do not blame Mrs. Bradley-Martin unless you prefer that other kind of a millionaire woman, Mrs. Hetty



Photo by Kennedy & Bell.

Miss Langley. Miss Augusta Beverley Robinson. Madame Albani.

Without feeling cynical or desiring to express heterodox sentiments, I cannot refrain from saying that we misconstrue the symptoms which often lead us to believe we are in love, or conscience-stricken, or religious, or patriotic, or charitable, or forgiving, or almost anything else. The reign of selfishness having been proclaimed when might was right, and the dynasty having lasted since the world began, it is not at all out of the way to call attention to the fact. Even the most self-sacrificing openly proclaim that what they give in this world they expect to be paid back in the world to come, with compound interest included. Of course this world has reason to regret that there are so few who are lending here with no expectation of repayment till the Dark River has been crossed. It is worthy of note, however, that all, or nearly all, are willing to borrow on these terms, and it might be interesting, if we could get at the facts, to examine the persons who are "lending to the Lord" on these extremely easy terms.

I know I shall shock somebody, but yet the man who pays "conscience money" reminds one of a politician who pays his debts and squares himself with everybody before starting in a campaign to get something upon which he has set his heart. It may be a seat near the Great White Throne or a seat in Parliament, but as far as I have been able to discover, the motive of obtaining something is always there, no matter how we may delude ourselves or place a halo of self-sacrifice around our selfish

a really sacrificing and apparently spiritual thing, whether we have forgotten "what people will say" or "how much better it will make us feel."

The good purpose that the saying of such things as these may effect, is in the direction of making us truthful to ourselves and charitable to others, the meaning of whose conduct may not be apparent to us. Dragging in "conscience" again, how are we to judge except on a selfish basis, with selfishness refined to its proper fineness, according to the words or deeds and their relations to some particular life? The mother loves her babe and does not love the baby of her neighbor. It is maternal love and falls much short of Christ's love for all babes! We love our wives and are considered particularly virtuous if we refrain from loving other men's wives, and yet this is all selfish in the broadest sense! So getting back to "conscience" again, is it not palpable that a trained conscience is more likely to be a convenience than a worry? The consciences which never prevent "decent" theft, fraud, parsimony, miserly horribleness in fact, are more common in the ratio of 100 to 1 than an acute sense of accusation when a wrong has been done. Then what is to be done if biliousness, fear of death, terrors of personal inconvenience, unpopularity or a heated Hereafter, are really the mainsprings of conscience? It is easy: Try to give more pleasure than pain to those who come in contact with you; think of the happiness of doing unto others as you

it must see gain somewhere. The city publisher is not so rich that he does not know what to do with his money. He has other reasons for inviting postage, and he considers them good reasons. The question is, Should the country publisher aid or resist him? A postal rate that would cost \$50 per annum for a thousand papers sent out every week, is proposed. This means about one dollar per thousand per issue. The city publisher then would pay on a daily circulation of twenty thousand copies the sum of \$6,240 per annum in postage. The weekly paper with one thousand of a circulation would pay \$50 per annum in postage. If there are ends to be gained worth \$6,240 a year to the city publisher, the country publisher should consider it worth while to see whether the advantages would not be worth \$50 a year to him.

The moral aspect of the case has been set forth in these columns before, and morality and self-interest join in favoring the payment of postage. This has not yet been shown, however.

It is an instinctive fear of an approaching danger that causes the city publisher to invite postage, but I think that not only future dangers, but evils already here, should cause country publishers to stand up in a row and unanimously shout for postage. Type-setting machines, fast presses, cheaper paper, and free postage have caused the size of daily newspapers to double and the price of them to be

Green, who lives on ham sandwiches and green tea, and wears calico dresses and prunella gaiters.

Social and Personal.

The opening of the Legislative Assembly for the season of '97 will be remembered for several reasons. In the first place, the Lieutenant-Governor was not present, and Sir Casimir Gzowski, *aide-de-camp* to the Queen, and administrator of the province during the absence of His Honor, filled the throne, beside which he has stood for each opening since the beautiful Parliament Buildings were first occupied five years ago. In the second place, it was the occasion of a new Premier's welcome by his colleagues, and incidentally the *debut* of a new Premier's wife, where for so long we have had no representative of the gentler sex. "Men make the laws," said the second-best-looking man in the chamber on Wednesday. "Very true, but women make the law-makers," said the very best-looking with much conviction. Mrs. Hardy is welcome, both for her own and her popular husband's sake. Accompanying Sir Casimir were Lady Gzowski and Mrs. Turner, and on their entrance the assembly of style and fashion which filled the seats of the mighty, arose to make their respects to the representative of royalty. The ladies quietly slipped in through the throne entrance, but Sir Casimir came by the north door, duly marshalled and followed by a brave string of colonels, majors, captains and so on, from the various military corps. Colonel Otter in scarlet, Colonel Mason, Colonel Davidson, Acting Colonel Delamere, Colonel Denison, each in the scarlet, green, or blue and silver of their respective regiments, gallantly made their way through a *pot-pourri* of policemen, old ladies, society women *en grande toilette*, and independent voters of vastly different stamp, to their circle around the throne. Opinions differ as to whether this opening rivaled that of five years ago. Certainly it did in numbers and in toilettes, only lacking in the absence of certain good people as our wonted centerpiece, and whose places it were vain to affect to fill. Within this circle, where sit the privileged ladies whose better-halves have the "flure," were the usual smart people. Lady Meredith, richly gowned in a visiting toilette and bonnet and wearing a very handsome *fiche* of white lace; Miss Kirkpatrick, in a black evening dress, with her sister-in-law-elect, also in black, at her left; Mrs. Casimir Gzowski, in a quiet gray brocade dinner-gown; Miss Gzowski, in silver-gray gown and bonnet; Mrs. and the Misses Edgar, the elder lady in a rich black demi-toilette, with folded vest of salmon pink brocade, her daughters in pretty evening gowns; Mrs. S. H. Janes, in a lovely brocade ball gown and a sumptuous wrap; Mrs. Briggs of Kingston, sister of the Premier, in black, with rich lace and a quaint necklace of opals; Mrs. Hardy were one of her richest and handsomest gowns, a brocade that will stand alone; Mrs. Cattanauch wore blue and silver brocade with sequin fringe, and looked very handsome, crowned with her sunny wealth of hair; Miss Cattanauch was in a pretty white silk with white boa. Seated here and there were various social lights from various fashionable regions. From Oak Lodge came Judge Burton and his party; from the same quarter came handsomely Mrs. MacMahon, in a most becoming ball gown; Mrs. Harmon Brown and Miss Brown in quiet calling gowns. Mr. Harmon Brown's striking personality caused many to enquire who might be this handsome stranger, and the object of their enquiry achieved rather a good return when informed of said enquiries. That it was funny and *apropos* goes without saying. The beauty of Wednesday's opening was perhaps a fair lady whose picturesque gowns and patrician face are not often enough seen of their admirers. A quiet little white and fawn-striped silk, a draping of cobwebby lace, a *coiffure* perfectly becoming with those fetching little ringlets nestling at the nape of the neck, dark eyes a bit pensive, and a pose at once graceful and unstudied, a *poof* of white feathers giving a courtly touch to the head, she was duly admired by many a friend and many a stranger. The bishop of Toronto, Bishop Sullivan and his daughters, both *en grande toilette*; Mrs. J. K. Kerr, in black velvet and point lace; Miss White, in black with pink flowers; Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy, in brocade, her dainty daughter-in-law, Mrs. Lally McCarthy, in a quaintly pretty little frock of white silk with colored ribbons; Mrs. G. W. Ross and Miss Ross, with their guest, Mrs. (Judge) Bell of Chatham, a very fine-looking young matron, in a rich black gown; Mrs. Hendrie and the Misses Hendrie of Hamilton, all in smart evening gowns and warmly welcomed; Mrs. and Miss Holson, the maid attracting much notice by her handsome eyes and smart white gown with pale blue velvet trimmings; pretty, bright Miss Griffin of Ottawa, in a pale pink frock, were a very few of the people I saw on Wednesday. After the ceremonies a tea was attended in the Speaker's rooms by a smart *coterie* of invited friends, and Mrs. Glackmeyer received a nice party for tea in her cosy apartments. Mr. Evanturel's inauguration was a very interesting part of Wednesday's programme, and the new Speaker's eloquence and charming manner have quite captured the people. Madame Evanturel is expected next week for Mrs. Hardy's tea, and a young daughter, not yet presented, will also arrive with the Speaker's lady.

Miss Winnifred Rose's young people's dance is the latest of the many delightful affairs at which few, if any, of the married contingent put in an appearance. There are a few young couples who are almost always honored by invitations to the young folks' dances; one in particular, whom her friends refuse to surrender to a demure matronhood, and her young "hubby" are almost sure to be the exception, if no one else is so honored. Judge and Mrs. Rose are the most genial host and hostess imaginable, their house the essence of comfort, and on this occasion there was a dash of extra "go" in the party, for it practically sealed the recovery of the daughter of the house from a most tedious attack of fever. At the Victoria Skating Club masquerade Miss Rose shared the congratulations of many friends with Miss Yarker on her appearance, and fortunately escaped the cold which has since bothered

some others. On Wednesday evening Miss Rose was the brightest of young hostesses, and her party one of the gayest of a very gay season. Again did the pretty girl residents and their pretty visitors crowd the great, square drawing-room, the corridors, and the *salle-a-manger* of the Rose mansion, and the many dancing men found their programmes soon filled with names recalling visions of grace and beauty.

That transcendent function, the Bradley-Martin fancy dress ball, which has interested society in New York for weeks past, fulfilled its promise last Wednesday evening. The Waldorf was fairyland through which wandered beauties of past ages and "degenerate" American men bravely bedight in court costumes and fineries all at odds with our sombre and in-artistic clothing of to-day. Mrs. Bradley-Martin, in her black velvet and red brocade, *a la reine Elizabeth*, must have been a dashing figure, ablaze with diamonds. There was a *debutante's* quadrille, such as I gently suggested might have been arranged here for St. Andrew's ball, in which the Louis XIV. period costume was worn by maids and men. Set off by the beauty of youth, this must have been a sweet sight. Apart from the pleasure given to nearly a thousand people who directly or indirectly shared the beautiful function, there was quite a bonanza to the florist and the caterer. In this respect such an affair is a blessing as a means of circulating an immense amount of solid cash, and benefiting half a score of trades. Fancy the beautiful drawing-room at the Waldorf hung with brocade, strewn with natural roses, festooned with orchids, and its portals arched with leagues of blossoming vines.

Miss Marguerite Palmer arrived last week on a visit to Mrs. Dunstan of Homewood avenue.

Miss Young of Hamilton, who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Cawthra of Yeadon Hall, returned home this week.

Miss Moncrieff, a most attractive Petrolia girl, who has been visiting Mrs. W. Mulock, Jr., returned home this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Moore of Ottawa, who have recently come to town and are *en pension* at Cedarhurst, are making many friends in Toronto. Mrs. Moore is a particularly bright and charming young matron.

Miss Clarke of St. Catharines is staying with Mrs. Joe Beatty, that most cordial of hostesses, and is welcomed at many pleasant affairs this month. On Monday evening she was one of the two strangers in town who carried off Mrs. Dunstan's pretty prizes, and their victory was enjoyed by the merry crowd.

Mr. J. Castell Hopkins left town on Wednesday for a week's visit in Ottawa and Montreal.

The usual big At Home at Upper Canada College will not be held this year. In view of this fact, and to somewhat atone for the disappointment occasioned to the young lads, a few of the city college boys have organized and will give a small junior bachelors' dance in St. George's Hall on Thursday, February 25, to about four score of their young lady hostesses who have so well entertained the boys during this bright season. As the dance is to be limited to the number St. George's Hall will quite comfortably accommodate, it will be a very enjoyable affair. Albert Williams is to provide the supper, and very good music is to be secured. The committee in charge include Mr. H. J. King (chairman), Messrs. Jack and Harry Stone, Jack Snarr, Elmer Smith, Walter Rowland, A. Edwards and Charlie Bedlington, with Gerald Wade as general adviser and *ex-officio* member. The lady patronesses are among our leading hostesses, and the affair will be, no doubt, one of the winter's brightest functions.

Out of their abundant harvest the Mendelssohn Choir have kindly donated fifty dollars to the Children's Aid Society, which the treasurer acknowledges with thanks.

Two popular presidents retired from office this week, Mr. Perceval Ridout from the St. George's Society and Major Cosby from the Victoria Club. Their shoes will be filled by Mr. George Stanway and Mr. W. B. McMurrich. The dinner given as a farewell to Major Cosby in his capacity of president was held last Saturday evening, and the usual jovial party which one knows will be on hand for a Victoria Club affair gave their jolly expression a great send-off. Scotch, Irish, English and Welshmen sat about the festive board. The pipes skirled their merriest, and speeches and toasts were many. An address was also presented to Major Cosby.

The hosts of Clover Hill being now *en garcon*, it was a masculine contingent which gathered around the beautifully decorated dinner-table on Tuesday evening to break bread with the sons of the house. I am glad to hear that Mrs. Osborne and her little daughter are having a very pleasant time down south, and hope they will not be long away from us.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Howard gave a *musical* on Tuesday evening to a number of friends. The programme was provided by the Toronto bell-ringers, a quartette led by that very sweet tenor, Mr. Cashmore, and a song or two from Miss Ireland. Other songs by Mr. Cashmore and a recitation by Mr. Ziller completed a pleasant two hours of music and song. The bell-ringers played very tunelessly and the novelty was appreciated by people tired to death of the everlasting progressives and card parties so much in fashion just now. After the concert, supper was daintily served and a dance wound up the evening in a very pleasant manner. I am glad to hear that Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Howard's fine little children are safely over a dangerous illness, though their parents are still not quite free from anxiety on their account.

Mr. John Taylor of Florsheim went to Bermuda last week. This week Mr. S. H. Blake and Mr. Wallace Nesbitt have also gone to this popular winter resort.

The ballad concert on Monday evening in Massey Hall brings back to us two artists who have long had their home in the hearts of the

people, and a third who gained her place at one effort, when she enchanted music-lovers with her violin playing on her first appearance in Toronto—Madame Albani, the Canadian prima donna, who has won such *prestige* for her country everywhere, and whose life is an epitome of true womanliness; Miss Augusta Beverley Robinson, who both by personal charm and musical excellence has captured our suffrages, and Mrs. Tozer, who is known to us by her maiden name, Miss Beatrice Langley. Fresh from the conquest of the great North-West, these three ladies will no doubt reap new laurels on Monday evening. To connoisseurs it will be of interest to know that Miss Langley's violin is an instrument of rare value, and was a wedding present from her father, Colonel Langley of the Royal Artillery.

Mrs. Alfred Gooderham left on Wednesday for Aiken, South Carolina, to spend some time with Mr. and Mrs. W. Warden. Mrs. George Tate Blackstock and Mrs. McMaster are also in Aiken.

Mr. Speaker Edgar in his handsome gown of office was a remarkably fine-looking man on Wednesday. Mr. Evanturel's gown not being yet ready, he wore on his coat between the shoulders a queer little black ribbon rosette affair, and I knew his good lady had not put it on for him, for it was fastened with a huge white pin.

Tuesday afternoon Mr. O'Brien held his usual studio *levee* and many people dropped in. The impending dispersion of his lovely pictures which he has decided to sell at Townsend's, gives art-lovers a chance to possess some of these dainty and delightful gems. As a man remarked, such purchases are a good investment, sure to double in value within ten years. The master of Llawhaden and other householders not yet overburdened with choice works of this sort, should take advantage of this fine opportunity.

The unveiling of the portrait of Hon. Edward Blake, painted by that idealist among artists, Mr. Wyly Grier, was a most interesting finale to the ceremonies of Wednesday afternoon. Dr. Hoskins presented the portrait, and in glowing periods Mr. Evanturel, the silver-tongued new Speaker, accepted the gift. By the way, what a pity it is that the Speaker is not really a "speaker" during the session, the misnomer being particularly *malapropos* when borne by such a happy and cultured orator as our eloquent Frenchman!

University Conversat. was last night's largest function, and was most successful.

The Attorney-General of Ontario gives a large dinner on Tuesday evening, I believe of an official nature.

Saturday afternoon lectures at half-past three, on the Universities, begin on February 27 with the Story of Cambridge, as told by the Dean of Trinity. The patronesses of this series of five lectures are: Mrs. A. S. Hardy, Mrs. G. W. Allan, Mrs. Sweetman, Mrs. J. Cawthra, Mrs. Cayley, Mrs. E. Cayley, Mrs. W. Clark, Miss M. Cartwright, Miss Davidson, Mrs. Gosling, Mrs. J. Henderson, Mrs. E. Henderson, Mrs. McLean Howard, Mrs. W. Ince, Mrs. W. Laidlaw, Mrs. Welch, Miss Laing, Mrs. Edward Leigh, Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy, Mrs. Montizambert, Mrs. E. B. Osler, Miss Plummer, Mrs. Rigby, Mrs. Stratford, Miss Strachan, Miss Street, Mrs. Sullivan, Miss Wikie and Mrs. Wyld.

A dinner by the president, Hon. J. C. Patterson, the vice-presidents and board of directors of the Canadian Magazine, is to be given next Wednesday evening at Webb's at half-past seven. Mr. Barlow Cumberland is chairman of the dinner committee and Mr. Thomas Mulvey secretary.

The cards are out for the second At Home of the Leighton Club on Wednesday evening.

Mr. Arthur Hills is laid up with a sprained ankle—hockey!

The marriage of Mr. Pier Delasco and Miss Edith Dickson takes place to-day at one o'clock in St. Stephen's church.

That spick-and-span new house in the Queen's Park, about which I have heard enquiries, is the lately completed residence of Col. Mason of the Grens., and is a lovely home indeed.

Miss Nickel of New York is visiting Mrs. Gerhard Heintzman, Carlton street.

The Sothern engagement has made the Grand a gala scene for three evenings this week, and the *furor* would probably have continued for three evenings more. First night was no exception, for there was sufficient demand for seats to make people glad to take any evening. I wonder does everyone miss one gracious presence as much as I do at smart nights in the Grand this midwinter? It is good news to hear that His Honor is doing so well and will be home perhaps sooner than was at first expected. I heard someone playfully remarking that Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick would be in danger of being fairly mobbed when they came home, but I am sure they won't mind a little enthusiasm, considering its provocation.

Miss Anderson, daughter of the County Registrar of Arthur, is visiting Mrs. MacIntyre, who gives a tea this afternoon.

Mrs. Kirkoff of Brandon is visiting her sister, Mrs. Macdougall of Carlton Lodge. His Honor Judge Macdougall is just now away east on legal business. Mrs. Kirkoff will be gladly welcomed by hosts of friends who admire and enjoy her charming company.

St. George's Hall was the scene of a most enjoyable entertainment last Saturday evening, the occasion being a smoking concert given by the Royal Canadian Yacht Club. Despite the terribly inclement weather a large number of the best men in Toronto were present. The musical programme was all that could be desired, and the several leading professional comic singers were heartily encored. The chief features of the entertainment were the pretty song entitled, *You and Canoe*, composed by Mr. M. de S. Wedd, which was admirably rendered by Mr. J. E. Sowden, and the several choruses by a number of little boys, dressed in

both male and female costumes, who gave ample proof of the careful training bestowed by Mr. Wedd, under whose direction the whole programme was carried out. Of course refreshments were discussed during the evening, and everybody seemed to be happy.

Miss Houseman of Quebec is visiting Mrs. McLean Howard. On Monday, Mrs. McLean Howard gave a very pleasant tea in honor of her guest.

Mr. and Mrs. George Dunstan gave one of this week's big progressives on Monday evening, at which some three score players contested for some pretty prizes. Several play-offs were necessary, as the scoring was remarkably even. The first ladies' prize was won by Miss Moncrieff of Petrolia, the second by Miss Clarke of St. Catharines; first gentlemen's Mr. Harry Paterson, second Mr. Alfred Jones. Mr. and Mrs. Dunstan are ideal host and hostess and give all their tact and energy to the service of their guests, moving continually from group to group, punching cards, congratulating the winners and commiserating the losers. Some very handsome gowns graced this progressive; particularly elegant was Miss Melvin-Jones' pale blue silk with pearls. I have never seen her more becomingly dressed. Miss Evelyn Cox in white satin and Miss Harriet Leverich in black and canary were two pretty girls in contrasting styles. The young matrons were very smart: Mrs. Duggan, in pink silk and brocade with corsage bouquet of violets; Mrs. Machray, in black silk and lace; Mrs. Joe Beatty, in cream silk; Mrs. Haas, in white silk, and many others equally stylish. The hostess wore yellow and white, and her sister, Miss Marguerite Palmer, white and black. Supper was served on the card-tables, prettily spread with Japanese table-cloths. The Dunstan dining-room is a Japanese fancy, very daintily carried out. Monday's was not the first, nor, let us hope, will it be the last time it has been filled with the happy laughter, jest and *repartee* which mark the well contented crowd who are being entertained to perfection.

Mrs. Harry Taylor's tea last Saturday was held during a downpour of rain such as strikes Toronto inopportunistically sometimes. People will recall a similar awful day last winter when Mrs. Cockburn defied the weather and triumphed. Mrs. Taylor's friends are evidently neither sugar nor salt, for they turned up smiling at the appointed hour in great numbers, nearly two hundred ladies and gentlemen braving the floods of rain and seas of slush. Their welcome was warm, and the handsome host ably abetted his amiable better-half in receiving with cordiality the friends who so conclusively proved that they were not of the fair-weather order. Edgelawne, the well planned house, was made beautiful with Dunlop's choicest roses, and the buffet was admirably served and set by a master in the art. Every dainty and tasty edible proper for such a function was in profusion. Mrs. Taylor received in the drawing-room, very smartly gowned in one of Stitt's pretty confections, and Mrs. Giles Williams, with Mrs. Esten Fletcher, Miss Hewett, Miss Hattie Taylor and Miss Belle Kennedy of St. Catharines, were in the tea-room. D'Alessandro's orchestra, alternating with his mandolin and guitar players, filled the house with soft and dulcet music. Pink roses and wreaths of smilax beautified the table and the claudeliers. Mrs. Taylor may be congratulated on the success of her reception, in spite of as bad a spell of weather as I ever faced in Toronto.

Mrs. Ryan's death last week was mourned by many friends of this remarkable old lady, who was a splendid specimen of a good old family from the land of Erin. Mrs. Ryan was a cousin of that delightful and beloved old man, Archbishop Gregg, the late Primate of all Ireland, to whom reference was made last week in another column of this paper. Mrs. Ryan was interred in St. James's cemetery on Saturday, the funeral being from her late residence, 49 Isabella street. The pall-bearers were her grandsons, Messrs. A. R. and H. G. Shaver, W. A. and E. B. Ryan, and H. R. and J. M. Jackson.

Trinity conversat. is a fixture for next Thursday evening.

This winter has been one of many amusements, some of which have been somewhat of a departure from the beaten track. The various "boxing" nights, which have drawn such crowds of men, have been a great success and interested their hundreds. Nothing delights the average athlete more than the witnessing of a good bout of this description. "One gets a good many pointers," said the gentleman whose belt has been let out several holes since he was one of Toronto's best boxers, and he went gaily off to secure his dollar seat for the sparring match. I often wonder why women don't go in more for boxing. It would within limits be great fun, and what nice little whacks we might give one another, and no malice developed!

A valentine supper is to follow a card party this evening in a very smart house hereabouts. The young people to whom it is offered by the jolly young matron who presides, are to draw rhymes for partners. The first line comes to the lady, and somewhere in the basket holding rhymes for the men is the couplet completed. "If you love me as I love you," it may read, and the cavalier will respond from his copied line, with more or less of conviction, "No knife can cut our love in two," and the twain go in to super together. Some of the rhymes are a good deal more classic than the wayworn example quoted, but which first occurs to me.

Paris Kid Glove Store

SPECIAL

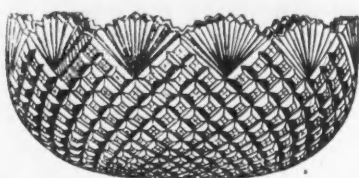
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Social and Personal.

The second assembly given by the Royal Grenadiers took place last Friday evening, and everything went like magic. In fact, I don't often see such a well pleased and amiable lot of people, nor yet such a smart crowd in the rendezvous so fashionable this season, away up in the sixth story of the Confederation Life Building. Right here I would like to suggest that several rendezvous for the dancers be rigorously provided and observed. On Friday evening men and women crowded around the entrance to the dancing-room until there was a solid jam of people, uncomfortable themselves and preventing the free ingress and egress of many another couple of the moving crowd, while men wildly skirted the bewildering mass of frills and furbelows in frantic search of some fugitive "she" unwillingly *cached* behind the ponderous avoirdupois of some immense man, or the befouled shoulders of some taller maiden. "Here I am, Jack!" piped a tiny lady to a young fellow craning through the crush, and "Jack" rescued her with some difficulty. Though there were a very great number of people from the very smartest *cliques* at this dance, there might have been at least one hundred more, for the secretary's face had contracted quite an adamant expression from his afternoon's unhappy task of saying "No" to quite that number of clamorers for tickets. Success breeds success, consequently people who don't care to be disappointed will secure their brilliant scarlet tickets in good time for the last assembly of this jolly trinity, which comes off on Shrove Tuesday night. Many strange faces, mostly young and lovely, graced last week's dance. People who had guests brought them, and with one accord those guests pronounced the evening most delightful. A few quite new and rich gowns were worn by leaders in society, though this is a late day to expect much in that line. Mrs. Albert Gooderham, whose dresses are always *le dernier cri*, wore a lovely white satin brocade with rose-color, and a jeweled belt; Mrs. Catharine of Yeadon Hall, who brought her niece, Miss Young of Hamilton, wore a ruby brocade demi-toilette relieved with small dainty jabots of black lace and black velvet; Miss Arthurs looked exceedingly well in black, which framed her beautiful shoulders most effectively and was relieved by a very smart touch of pale blue. Another lady in black was Mrs. Fitzgibbon, who wore a few rich pink roses therewith. There are black gowns and black gowns, from *chic* to dowdy, but these two black gowns were the smartest of the smart and quite stood comparison with the rainbow tints all around. Mrs. Cosby, Mrs. Smart, Mrs. May and many other chaperones had honored the Gens, by wearing very handsome gowns which have already been described herein. From Stanley Barracks came a big party, Colonel Otter, Colonel, Mrs. and Miss Buchanan, Major Lessard, Major and Mrs. Cartwright, Captain and Mrs. Forester and Mr. Laybourne being of that *coterie*. Major and Mrs. Waterbury, Miss Rowand and some others from the Arlington. Mrs. Waterbury wore a very handsome gown in mauve and white; Miss Rowand wore rose and white brocade. Mrs. Melvin-Jones and Miss Melvin-Jones were also handsomely gowned; Miss Thompson of Derwent Lodge wore a very pretty little white frock of silk and insertion *valenciennes*; Miss Smart wore pale green satin, with dark green velvet; Miss "Chip" Armstrong looked very lovely in pink, her clear complexion, brown eyes and delicate features are exceedingly attractive; the Misses Beatty were charmingly gowned, as usual; Mrs. Bruce wore a very pretty black gown; Mrs. Mason was unfortunately indisposed and was not present; Miss Brodie wore a pretty white silk. The ball-room was still a bower of greenery as it appeared at Mrs. Smart's dance, and the sitting-out rooms were very prettily furnished, a couple of extra ones having been arranged for this dance. The perfect ventilation kept the air cool and fresh, without any draughts, and the toilet arrangements were very much improved from last assembly. In fact, for the first time a handsome *cheral* glass stood so that one could drink in some comfort, and a pretty little dressing-table, quite smart with yellow fittings and cushion, was greeted with many a merry laugh by the guests who situated themselves before its mirror. Supper was served by Albert Williams in his best style; soup, game and sweets were all excellent, but the supper-room at the Confederation Life needs—well, another one just like it, to accommodate such a crowd nicely. It could have been done, perhaps, at a *buffet*, but Williams had the prettiest of quartette tables, each with its killing little Brownie, in Grenadier uniform, mounted guard over the *bon-bons*. Many a laugh was raised by these absurd little beings, and I fancy quite a few were missing when Williams called the roll. I am told that it has been decided to hold the Shrove Tuesday dance in the Pavilion, as there is really not room for the crowd who so emphatically have taken up these dances in the quarters engaged for the series.

The Temple of Fame entertainment in the Music Hall, Whitby, under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. of that town, on Friday and Saturday last, was a very successful affair. The best talent of the three towns, Whitby, Oshawa and Bowmanville, was laid under tribute. Many of the costumes were beautiful. Marked originality was shown in the lines of several of the characters. Those who took part were: Goddess, Miss Addie McDowell; Canada, Miss Clara Holden; Queen Isabella of Spain, Miss Tamblin; Queen Elizabeth, Miss Wilcox; Ruth, Miss M. Hayward; Sappho, Miss Blamey; Joan of Arc, Miss V. Gordon; Pocahontas, Miss Kate Meen; Melba, Miss Bessie Harper; Josiah's Allen's wife, Miss Polly Nicholson; Mary, Queen of Scots, Miss Berta Henderson; Helen of Troy, Miss Louie Hubbard; Flora Macdonald, Miss Kate Fraser; Hypatia, Miss Morris; Florence Nightingale, Miss Gibson; White Cross Soldiers, Messrs. W. Richardson and W. Shaw; Miriam, Miss Minnie Powell; Xantippe, Miss Horning; Grace Darling, Miss Beatrice Tamblin; Marie Antoinette, Miss F. McCann; Sister of Charity, Miss Wilson; Jenny Lind, Mrs. G. A. Ross; Portia, Miss M. Arnold; Rosa Bonheur, Miss B. Greenwood; Barbara Freitchie, Miss Bertha Tamblin; Bridget

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O'Flanigan, Miss Lottie Greenwood; Laura Secord, Miss Anderson; Jephtha's Daughter, Miss L. Woodcock; Cleopatra, Miss F. Bryan; Barriet Beecher Stowe and Topsy, Miss Hayward and Master W. Nicholson; Harriet Hosmer, Miss Maud Annes; Martha Washington, Miss Burkholder; Mother, Mrs. Tamblin; Alani, Mrs. W. O. Johnston; Tabitha Primrose, Miss Lottie Greenwood; Frances Willard, Miss Sanderson; Mother Goose, Miss Ada Richardson; Mrs. Weldon, first lady lawyer, Miss A. Hyland; Patti, Miss Gertrude Taylor; Mrs. Partington and Ike, Miss C. Henderson and Master Scott; The New Woman, Miss Maud Annes; Queen Victoria and attendants, Mrs. Joshua Richardson, Lieut. F. Howard Annes of the 34th Battalion, and Mr. Theo. McGillivray in kilts, as John Brown; Herod's, Masters C. Tamblin and B. Manning. Mrs. W. Ayres, as pianist, played the accompaniments to the

musical numbers most acceptably. So great interest has been aroused in the artistic features of the entertainment that it is proposed to repeat the performance after Easter.

The Bachelors and Benedicts of Port Perry gave a dance in the Town Hall of that pretty lakeside village on Thursday evening. The lady patronesses were: Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Hutcheson, Mrs. McGill, Mrs. Parrish, Mrs. Paterson, Mrs. Procter and Mrs. Sangster. The stewards were: Mr. H. L. Adams, Mr. R. G. Baird, Mr. F. J. McMillan, Dr. S. J. Mellow, Mr. W. L. Parrish and Dr. E. L. Procter. The honorary secretary was Mr. H. G. Hutcheson.

The pros and cons of ladies playing cards for money was hotly discussed at a tea last week. In the end some very sharp things were said, and I fancy it will conduce to harmony in certain circles should the matter be dropped. Certainly, no one is obliged to join a game for money, even if invited. It is easy to say that one has scruples against playing for money, and to say it in so carefully indifferent a tone as to ensure no offence being taken. Some people enjoy a keen game with skilled antagonists when a small stake is up; others abhor the idea of money changing hands over the card-table. In good manners' name, let us each keep our opinions, and act upon them in such a way as to make those who disagree find themselves compelled to respect.

A little growl comes to my memory, which I intended to make months ago, regarding the lack of a few hooks on which to hang hats and wraps in the rear of the very cosy and pretty boxes in the Massey Music Hall. As it is now, one has to pile nice cloaks over boots and men's coats in a heap on the floor. At the Grenadiers gave us a dressing-table won't Mr. Snuckling give us some hooks?

An old-fashioned whist party was one of last week's most pleasant reunions, where host, hostess and family circle united to make everyone enjoy themselves.

Mr. E. R. Thomas is in New York attending the Cycle Show.

Mrs. Briggs of Kingston is in the city and is visiting her brother, the Premier, and Mrs. Hardy.

Miss Muriel Whitney, who has been spending a most delightful visit in Montreal, where she has been a much admired guest at many smart affairs, returned home last week.

Mrs. Wallace Jones has been for some weeks receiving on Mondays in her new home in Wellesley place, where, about five o'clock, people who esteem and admire *la belle chetaine* are wont to find themselves pleasantly welcomed.

Mrs. Cockburn has been downstairs on Mondays for the last three weeks, and everyone is glad to see her able to receive again. During her long siege of invalidism she has never been forgotten, and her drawing-rooms with closed shutters have been a much missed rendezvous by many congenial spirits.

Lady Thompson is very much better from the severe cold which she contracted during her trip to Montreal for the meeting of the Woman's Council. By the way, what is Her Gracious Majesty Victoria the First thinking of to fail of endorsing the proposed celebration of her Diamond Jubilee, as the heir-apparent is accused of naming next June's high jinks? Her Excellency of Ottawa does not seem to have struck the key-note to the Queen's heart-song, and a limited number of the unregenerate hereabouts are considerably amused therat.

Among the many new-comers to town this season, who are such welcome additions to Toronto society, are Mrs. and the Misses Heaven, with Mr. and Mrs. Morang. Mrs. Heaven chaperoned two of her daughters to the dance, and looked the perfection of a handsome and dignified matron in a rich silk gown with some fine lace; she is a charming companion and clever conversationalist, besides being an authority, from almost cosmopolitan experience, on society matters. It was a happy chance which brought her and her attractive daughters to Toronto some years ago, when the two younger ones were yet scarcely out of the school-room, for that chance visit has indirectly led to her return, to her tenancy of Atherly, with its tradition of hospitality, and to our having the pleasure and the privilege of her mature and broad knowledge of almost every subject which interests the smart world of to-day. A little bird has told me that literary success has been added to social success in her case.

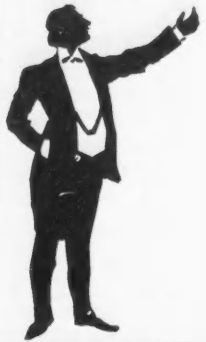
To-morrow being St. Valentine's day, as some few old-fashioned folk may chance to remember, there should be an upturning of various rites and superstitions. If a girl wear red, she will be soon wed; if she wear blue, her lover will be true; if she wear yellow, he'll prove a fickle fellow; and if she wear green, no worse will e'er be seen!



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Telephone 1882.

SERENA ANN'S FIRST

VALENTINE

By Mary E. Wilkins, the foremost lady story writer of America.
Copyright, 1897, by Mary E. Wilkins.

IT VALENTINE'S DAY came on a Thursday that year. Tuesday, the twelfth, was very warm, almost springlike; people listened involuntarily for bluebirds and robins and looked at the elm branches against the sky as if they expected to see leaves. All that winter, so far, had been a very mild one. That morning Serena Ann Wells had found two ladies' delights blooming in a sheltered spot near the doorstep in the south yard and carried them to school to give the teacher. The scholars crowded up to the desk to see them, and the teacher said she would call them her valentine. That set Serena Ann to thinking. After school began she wrote a little note—it was against the rules, but her curiosity was suddenly too much for her—on her slate and held it under cover of her desk, so Tabitha Green, who sat next, could read.

"Did you ever have a valentine?" she enquired, in plain, round characters. Serena Ann's penmanship was unusually good, but she was a naturally poor speller.

Tabitha nodded. Serena Ann looked impressed. Presently Tabitha wrote on her own slate one word: "You." She omitted the interrogation point, which she could not make very well. Instead, she raised her eyebrows, which was really more eloquent.

Serena Ann shook her head. Tabitha Green held up one hand, with fingers and thumb spread, and the other with the small index finger extended and the fingers and thumb curled under; that meant that she had received six valentines. Serena Ann began to write on her slate again, when suddenly soft folds of blue cashmere swept against her face and a slim white hand reached out for the slate. The teacher, Miss Cornelia Little, had come softly to her other side. "Communicating, Serena Ann?" enquired Miss Little gently. Miss Little never raised nor quickened her voice; still, she had the reputation of being a very strict teacher.

Serena Ann gave a little sigh, which was almost a sob, of assent. The teacher held up the slate and read: "Were they pretty?"

The scholars craned their necks to see. Serena Ann's writing was so large and plain that those who sat near could read easily. There was a chuckle, which Miss Little quieted instantly with a look. "Were you communicating also?" she said to Tabitha Green. "Yes, ma'am," replied Tabitha disconsolately. "Hold up your slate."

Tabitha obeyed. There was nothing on the slate, however. Tabitha was very quick; she had erased the "You" with as much speed as she had lowered her interrogative eyebrows.

"You may write what you had on the slate over again," said Miss Little, with quiet decision, and Tabitha wrote.

Then the two little girls were bidden to go out in front of the school, and there they stood for a half-hour, with their slates suspended from their necks by twine strings hanging over their pinafores like breastplates.

Tabitha did not mind the punishment half as much as Serena Ann did. She was rather a privileged character, both at home and in school, and was sustained, under correction, by an unshaken confidence in the love and admiration of all around her. She was a very pretty little girl, with long, smooth, yellow curls tied back with a blue ribbon, and exceedingly pink cheeks. She looked, as she stood there, at her mates, and received open glances of commiseration from the girls and shamefaced ones from the boys. She toed out prettily, with one dainty little foot pointing out from the hollow of the other, clasped her small hands meekly and saw with great complacency herself reflected in her schoolmates' eyes. Tabitha Green, child though she was, was almost impenetrable to punishment. But poor Serena Ann raised her blue pinafore with her little piteous hands to her face and sobbed, and sobbed, and sobbed, and shook as if she were caught in a very whirlwind of grief. It was the first time she had ever stood on the floor, the first time she had ever been punished in school, and she had given two ladies' delights to the teacher that very morning. Somehow, that last stung her worst of all. It was to her the first prick of the serpent's tooth of ingratitude. It seemed to her that, if she were the teacher and a little girl brought her flowers in February, when flowers were scarce, she would not have made her stand on the floor for a first offence. Then there was another reason for Serena Ann's grief; her grandfather Judd had promised her a book if she were not punished in school all that year.

"There is no use in offering her a reward, father, she never is punished," Serena Ann's mother had said proudly, and Serena Ann had heard her. Now she would lose the book, and her grandfather and mother would lose all confidence in her, and all through her curiosity about valentines, and she had never had one.

She sobbed so hard that she disturbed the school; she was almost hysterical. Miss Little came and took her gently by the arm. She pitied her so that she wished she had not made her stand in the floor, and yet it would not do for her to yield. "Serena Ann," she whispered, "you must calm yourself, and not cry so. I cannot have it. I shall have to send you home if you are not more quiet." That would be more than Serena could bear, to be sent home from school. She quieted her sobs, with a convulsive effort. After a while she peered pitifully over her pinafore, and her tearful eyes met Johnny Starr's compassionate ones.

Johnny Starr was a new boy, whose parents had moved into Serena Ann's neighborhood the summer before. He was a pretty, quiet boy, and Serena Ann's mother had told his mother that she had just as soon have him come over to see Serena Ann, as a girl. Serena Ann, herself, thought him almost as good as a girl. She went coasting and sliding with him—and he was better than a girl, in that kind of sport, because he always dragged her up hill on her sled, and that another girl would not do. Johnny Starr had even been known to

play dolls, to please Serena Ann, although he made her promise never to tell the other boys. Now, when Serena Ann met his handsome brown eyes she felt a comforting sense of companionship. Johnny Starr, moreover, gave his head an indignant jerk toward Miss Little, which did her good, though she loved Miss Little.

Recess came soon after the girls were released from their position in the floor and everybody went out, the weather was so warm. Johnny Starr followed Serena Ann into the north-east corner of the school yard, where there was a little clump of pine trees.

He took out his jackknife and began cutting a J. S. in a pine trunk, as if that was what he had come there for.

"Say, what did you write that about—what did she send you out in the floor for?" he whispered, as he cut away industriously. Serena Ann explained.

"It's mean," declared Johnny Starr. "Say, Serena Ann—"

"What?"

"It's too warm to go sliding after school; we'd slump through, and there ain't enough snow to coast on. If you won't say anything about it, and your mother's willing, I'd jest as lief come over and play dolls."

Serena Ann smiled gratefully at him. It seemed to her at that moment that he was better than a girl. Then Johnny Starr snapped his jackknife together and went off to the other boys, and Tabitha Green and Miranda Sall, the doctor's daughter, joined Serena Ann. Miranda was one of the big girls, very bright-eyed and red-cheeked. She was quite a belle and a power in the school. She wore finer clothes than any other girl, too, and looped up her black curls with a comb, and had spending money.

She put a plump protecting arm around Serena Ann.

"Don't you feel bad one bit," said she. "I had stood in the floor dozens of times before I was as old as you. Didn't you ever have a valentine, Serena Ann?"

Serena Ann shook her head and looked up gratefully into the girl's handsome, glowing face. No words could express her admiration for Miranda.

"Well, maybe you'll get one this year—stranger things have happened," Miranda remarked, meaningly, as she turned away.

"I don't believe but what she'll send you one," whispered Tabitha Green, and Serena Ann was seized with delightful, through tremulous anticipation.

She looked across at Miranda after school began and thought that she must be the most beautiful girl in the whole world.

Serena Ann's spirits revived as the forenoon wore on. She was perfect in her arithmetic, did an example on the blackboard which no one else could do, and she went to the head in the spelling class. At noon the teacher called her to the desk, gave her a seed-cake out of her own dinner-basket and told her how sorry she had felt to be obliged to punish her, when she had always been such a good girl, and Serena Ann, though she wept a little more, was sweetly comforted.

Moreover, the teacher suggested that her grandfather Judd might be willing, since it was only the twelfth of February, to let her start afresh in her efforts to win the book, and Serena Ann felt quite sure that he would. She could not remember that her grandfather had ever refused her anything. Her mother often said that she feared he would spoil her.

Serena Ann had, during all the rest of that day, a vague impression of a kindly intent toward her from everybody. She could not have expressed it plainly, but she felt a delightful surprise, as if she had a present, when people looked at her, especially Johnny Starr, and the teacher, Miranda, her cousin Sam Wells, who was one of the biggest boys in school—quite a young man—and when she got home, her grandfather Judd.

Her grandfather, of his own accord, proposed giving her another trial to win his offered reward. "Might just as well call it the year begins the thirteenth of February, as the first of January," said he, and Serena Ann was radiant. Then her father asked if she didn't want a sleigh ride with him. He had to go to the gristmill before supper.

"The two will spoil that child," Mrs. Wells said, when Serena Ann had gone to put on her hood and hat. "By good rights she ought to be punished at home when she has been punished at school, and here they are rewarding her." However, if the truth had been told, Serena Ann's mother would have much preferred to punish the teacher. When Serena Ann came in, all ready for her sleigh ride, she looked at the soft, innocent face peeping out of the red hood, and wondered indignantly how Miss Little could have punished such a dear child for a first offence.

Grandfather Judd turned to her when the sleigh-bells had jingled out of the yard. "Tell you one thing, Maria," said he, "that child's goin' to have a valentine to pay for havin' so much trouble."

"Now, father, I don't know. I'm afraid it's kind of foolish—"

"No, it ain't foolish, either. Child's been cryin' her eyes out."

"Yes, I guess she has been crying; her eyes were red and she cries easy," admitted her mother. "I don't like to have her enter; she is so nervous."

"She's goin' to have the handsomest valentine in Solomon Badger's store," declared Grandfather Judd, rising as he spoke.

"Now, father, don't you go to paying all creation for it; a cheap one will please her just as well," charged his daughter, but she got his greatest and cap and mittens for him with alacrity.

Grandfather Judd was a heavy man and subject to rheumatism, which seized him in his right knee before he had gone far on the snowy ground. He limped stiffly and painfully on, however. Solomon Badger's little store was about half a mile distant, and when he got

there he had to sit down and get his breath before he looked at the valentines.

There was quite a stock of valentines in the boxes on the counter, and Solomon Badger's grandson, 'Lonzo, was waiting to sell them. The trade had been quite brisk since morning, though it was the day before Valentine's day.

'Lonzo Badger waited for Grandfather Judd to inspect the valentines, and sucked a lemon drop the while. 'Lonzo was fifteen, very stout and considered not very bright. However, he could sell valentines, for the prices were all marked on the backs, and his grandfather was not afraid to trust him. Solomon Badger's eyes were poor, and his granddaughter Sophia, 'Lonzo's sister, though she was called "bright enough," was decidedly uncertain, and more given to thinking about her mittens and her curls than a good trade. So, when Solomon Badger could press 'Lonzo into service with safety he was glad to do so.

Presently Grandfather Judd got up with an effort and went over to look at the valentines. One immediately caught his eye. It was much the largest and handsomest there, a beautiful combination of lace paper, embossed doors, roses and angels.

"How much is this one?" enquired Grandfather Judd.

"Marked on back," mumbled 'Lonzo, sucking his lemon drop.

Grandfather Judd looked and saw that the valentine was marked fifty cents. That seemed to him rather an extravagant price. He made up his mind never to tell how much he gave, and to scratch out the mark. But he could not resist the temptation, it was so decidedly the handsomest valentine there.

He bought it and started out with it, then suddenly changed his mind. He remembered that the post-office was a quarter of a mile further on; that his rheumatism was bad, and that it was a day too early to post the valentine. He remembered, also, that his son-in-law was going to Westdale to trade a cow the next day, and that it would perhaps not be convenient to get to the postoffice before Valentine's day. So he gave 'Lonzo Badger five cents; told him to buy a one-cent stamp for the valentine and put it in the office the next day, and he might keep the remaining four cents for himself. "Guess he's smart enough for that," said the old man to himself as he toiled home. He never reflected that the envelope was not directed, and that he had not told 'Lonzo for whom it was intended.

As for 'Lonzo, there was a certain kind of red and white peppermint confection which he very much favored, called a kiss. Five cents would just purchase one. His appetite for sweets was abnormal, and his conscience somewhat sluggish, possibly as a result.

He put Grandfather Judd's five cents in his pocket, and as soon as his grandfather had finished supper and come in to tend store, he slipped out, raced down the road to the shop where his favorite sweetmeat was on sale, and bought one. As for the valentine, he had taken that out from the envelope, and placed it back in stock.

It was about half-past seven o'clock when Miss Little, the schoolteacher, came in with the young man who was paying her attention. They had been taking a little stroll in the moonlight, and she had been telling him how she had punished that dear little Serena Ann Wells for whispering about a valentine; how sorry she was, and how she had wished to send her a valentine, to atone—and the young man had been thinking how sweet and tender-hearted she must be.

Miss Little at once selected the same valentine which had pleased Grandfather Judd.

"This is the prettiest," said she. "I will take this." She furthermore decided, as Grandfather Judd had done, that, since it was a day too soon, and there might be difficulty about having the valentine posted if she took it home, she would leave it at the store and have it sent from there.

"I suppose some of you will be going to the postoffice to-morrow?" said she.

"Oh, yes, ma'am," repeated Solomon Badger, blinking at her. He had not the least idea who she was.

The schoolteacher did not repeat Grandfather Judd's mistake, but she made one of her own. She borrowed a pen and ink of Solomon Badger, and carefully directed the envelope which was to hold the valentine, to Miss Serena Ann Dodd, Riggsville, N.Y.

Dodd was the name of the young man who was waiting upon the schoolteacher, and when she married him she was to go to Riggsville, N.Y., to live.

After the envelope was directed, Miss Little gave Solomon Badger a penny to buy a stamp, and she and Mr. Dodd bade him good-evening and went out. After they had gone, Solomon Badger spied the envelope; discovered that the valentine was not enclosed, and began to search for the one she had chosen. He held up many to the light and finally thought he had it; but he was mistaken. It was quite another valentine than the one Miss Little had purchased, which was posted next day. It went to Riggsville, N.Y., and finally brought up in the dead letter office, where it must be now.

It was eight o'clock when the valentine was sold for the third time to Miranda Sall. She came in with another girl, Lottie Goodwin, and both had their heads together over some valentines which Lottie had received, early as it was. They were so much interested in them that Miranda did not hurry about her purchase, but finally she selected the same valentine which had suited Grandfather Judd and Miss Little, and addressed the envelope properly this time, and gave it to Lottie Goodwin to post, because her way home lay past the office. Miranda never thought about it being a day too soon.

The girls parted at Solomon Badger's door, Miranda going one way and Lottie another.

Lottie put the new valentine in a silk bag which she carried on her arm. It contained also other valentines which she had just received. When she reached the office it was closed, and she had to deposit the valentine in the outside letter-box on the door. It was dark, and just then she caught sight of a man coming, and that startled her. Thus it happened that she drew out of her silk bag Serena Ann's new valentine and one of her old ones; dropped the old one in the letter box and the new one on the snow, and sped along home, never dreaming what she had done.

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The next morning Serena Ann's cousin, Sam Wells, drove over from the east village where he lived, very early, in order to get the horse shod before school, and passing the post office saw something white on the snowbank. He stopped, got out, whooping all the time, because his horse was restive, and investigated. "I declare, it's a valentine," cried Sam Wells. He tried to pick it up, but it was frozen down. There had been quite a thaw the day before, and the weather had grown colder during the night. Sam was very careful, but he had to leave the addressed part of the envelope in the snow.

He got in the sleigh, gathered up the reins, and examined the valentine as he went along. "Declare, I'll take it to Badger's, and if they don't know anything about it, I'll send it to Serena Ann," said he.

Sam Wells went to Solomon Badger's about fifteen minutes before school time, and found Sophia in attendance. She blushed and smiled when he entered. She considered Sam quite a desirable beau.

"Hallo, Sophia," said he, "ever see this before?"

Sophia bent her pink face over the valentine, then raised it. "No, I guess not," said she, looking up in Sam's face.

"Look sharp and see—"

"I did look sharp."

"No, you didn't. You were looking at me."

"You great, conceited boy, you. I'll never speak to you again."

"Well, you did," returned Sam honestly. "Did you ever see it before, Sophia? I found it out by the postoffice. I thought if you knew anything about it, if it came from here, I would bring it back, but if it didn't I'd send it to my cousin, Serena Ann."

"I never set eyes on it before," replied Sophia shortly. But she still smiled coquettishly at Sam.

"Well, then, I want to buy an envelope, and I wish you'd address it—"

"Address it yourself," Sophia interrupted saucily.

"Now, Sophia, my hands are cold and I can't write fine enough to go on a valentine. You do it and send it down to the office by 'Lonzo, that's a good girl. I've got to hurry because it's school time, too."

"Well," said Sophia, with a pout of sham reluctance, "leave it here then."

And Sam left the valentine and a penny for postage, with the envelope which he had selected, and hastily went his way. Sophia took up the envelope to address it, and then a sleigh stopped at the door and a young man from the east village came in and asked her to go a little way for a drive. Sophia called her grandfather in to mind the store, got herself ready, jumped into the sleigh with the young man and was away. And that was the last she thought of Sam Wells and Serena Ann's valentine. Her grandfather shook the envelope when he came in, discovered the valentine in it, took it out and returned it to its old place. It was not sold again until after school that

night, and then Johnny Starr was the purchaser. He had shaken the iron savings bank, in which he had deposited his money, earned by selling berries the summer before, until he got fifty-two cents, all in pennies. He gave them to Solomon Badger for the valentine and an envelope, and watched anxiously while the old man counted them—it took him a long while. Then he trudged off with his purchase. There was no question of posting it in Johnny Starr's mind, because he had not shaken enough pennies to buy a stamp.

He gave it to Serena Ann the next morning before school, slipping it into her hands when nobody was looking. Serena Ann looked at it, colored high, then turned white. She was almost ready to cry. To think she had a valentine! (Concluded on Page Five)

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QUEER CORNER

In order to add still greater variety to Queer Corner, we have decided to publish one puzzle each week at the head of this column. It will not occupy much space, and those who do not care to wrestle with a puzzle may pass on to the next item. The answer or solution to each puzzle will appear the following issue. We have secured the assistance of one of the greatest puzzle-makers in the world, so that only good, clever and sane puzzles will appear. We shall not print absurd brain-twisters that nobody can solve, but reasonable ones. To begin with we offer the following charade, which is very neat. Who can tell us the kind of an antique was under the auctioneer's hammer?

L-CHARADE.

"ONE, TWO, a bid," the auctioneer
Exclaimed in mild amaze.
"This antique WHOLE, brought over here
In Cavalier and Roundhead days!"

(That it was really very old
Was TWO ONE, I could doubt, but whether,
If moved, those three thin legs could hold
Its poor, decrepit form together!)

It groined and tottered as though tired;
Its back showed many feeble bends—
"Was just ONE we would have admired,
Esteemed and most aesthetic friends."

But John, the practical, surveyed
Its charms (O, disfavor growing deeper;
Said he, "All my antiques are made
In Toronto; they're strong and cheaper!"

MAKEL P.

STATUE LOST IN QUEEN'S PARK.

When the Prince of Wales was in Toronto in 1890 he laid the stone for a statue of Her Majesty in the Queen's Park. A correspondent points out that no such statue has ever been raised, that the stone has disappeared, and suggests that it would be very appropriate to raise such a statue in 1897. The statue of Sir John Macdonald in Queen's Park is, as near as possible, on the exact spot where the stone was laid in 1890 by His Royal Highness. Possibly it is laid upon the same foundation as the former stone. Old residents will remember that once a bronze statue of Her Majesty did stand on that stone in Queen's Park. It was designed and executed by Marshall Wood, the English sculptor, brought out here and set up on approval, and stood there for a year or more. Bad times in 1897 or '98 caused the city to decide not to purchase, and so the sculptor removed the statue.

THE PRINCE OF WALES' TREE.

His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales on his American tour in 1890 visited Toronto and while here planted a little tree in the Horticultural Gardens. It was a tiny shoot, but the picture here given shows that in the interven-



The Tree planted in Toronto by the Prince of Wales.

ing thirty-seven years it has grown into a respectable tree. This picture was specially made for Queer Corner one day last week. The tree in the foreground is "The Prince of Wales' tree." Care must be taken lest curiosity-hunters during this year of jubilee denude the tree of its branches.

THE PETERBORO' WHISTLE.

The friends of the Gilmour whistle at Trenton must search for the best evidence available, or the Peterboro' whistle will carry off the bun. A reliable Peterboro' correspondent writes as follows:

QUEER CORNER.—Your last two issues have contained references to the loudest steam whistle in Ontario. When Peterboro' turns on her diaphanous, the penny whistles instanced are figuratively nowhere. The steam whistle of the Canadian General Electric Company regulates the clocks in half a dozen surrounding villages, at a distance of ten or fifteen miles. Residents of Cobourg, at least twenty-five miles distant, as the crow flies, assert that when the wind sets fair, they can hear the roar of the electric works whistle in that town. These statements are no blow—the electric works whistle monopolizes that department.

Yours etc.,
Fog-horn.

OLD BOOK FOR SALE.

A correspondent writes from Coldwater to say that he has a book, printed in 1672, that he will sell for cash. As the value of old books depends considerably upon their associations, the full title of a volume should be given when writing this department with the idea of finding a purchaser.

CHURCH BELL HEARD TEN MILES.

The question was asked in this column a couple of weeks ago, Which church bell in Ontario can be heard at the greatest distance? The following appears in the Mount Forest Representative:

The attention of Toronto SATURDAY NIGHT is directed to the statement made by our Cedarville correspondent that the bell of St. Paul's church, this town, was heard in his neighborhood, a distance of nine or ten miles, on Sunday last.

The whistle of the Mount Forest furniture factory is also credited with a record of eleven miles.

FIRST BALLOON ASCENSION.

On November 21, 1783, the Marquis d'Arlandes, who, by the way, had been convicted of cowardice in the army previously, and M. Pilatre de Rozier, ascended in a balloon filled with rarified air from La Muette, France, and their voyage lasted twenty-five minutes. This was the first balloon ascension ever made. The first woman to ascend in a balloon was Madame Tible, who, with M. Fleurant, made an ascen-

sion in the presence of the King of Sweden, at Lyons, on June 4, 1784.

THE BEAR'S SHADOW.

The bear saw his shadow on Tuesday, February 2, Candlemas Day, and therefore we may settle down for another six weeks of winter. The *Almonte Gazette* reminds us of an old Canadian saw in which the principle is laid down that winter is only half over at Candlemas. Here it is:

The thrifty farmer on Candlemas Day
Should have half his wood and half his hay.

ABOUT COAL-OIL.

There are sixty-five coal-oil peddlers in Toronto, and during the month of December last they sold 54,500 gallons of American oil and 60,200 gallons of Canadian oil. We have no means of knowing how much oil was sold direct to customers in the shops. There are 8,000 oil wells in Canada, equipped for pumping at a cost of \$400 each, showing a capital investment of \$3,500,000, while the land cost \$1,500,000. During the year 1896 the Canadian oil wells produced 800,000 barrels, worth \$1,200,000.

A BUNCH OF OLD PEOPLE.

Here is a list of persons living in good health within a radius of two miles of the village of Toledo, Leeds County, in this province: Patrick Donovan, 93 years; Alexander Connerty, 83; George Code, sr., 85; C. Bellamy, 83; Mrs. C. Bellamy, 80; Alice Ketchum, 91; Peter Patterson, 91; Robert Bruce, 83; Mrs. Robert Bruce, 78; Mrs. Johnston, 80; Mrs. McLean, 80—making in all eleven lives, and 927 years.

QUEER POINTS.

In the time of Henry VIII. the Royal Navy only numbered fourteen vessels.

A note of the Bank of England, twisted into a kind of rope, can suspend as much as 329 lbs. upon one end of it, and not be injured.

In the reign of Edward III., there were at Bristol three brothers who were eminent clothiers and woollen weavers, and whose family name was Blanket. They were the first persons who manufactured that comfortable material which has ever since been called by their name.

The odor of the sweet-pea is so offensive to flies that it will drive them out of the sick-room, though it is not usually in the slightest degree disagreeable to the patient. It is therefore recommended that sweet-peas be placed in the sick-room during fly-time, and as they are grown in all parts of Canada they can always be had when wanted.

Hope Enthroned.

Life Prolonged And its Usefulness Greatly Extended.

The Ruthless Hand of Nature Permits Only the Survival of the Strongest But Medical Science Secures the Survival of the Weakest.

From the Cornwall Standard.

The science and art of medication holds a unique place in the esteem of the entire civilized world, because by a judicious application of progressive science relative to the art of healing innumerable triumphs are won in the struggle for health. The profession of medicine we may safely say, is no sinecure, its triumphs and successes are rehearsed daily by the million. Those who are in the vanguard of this movement are our greatest benefactors. Their discoveries are a boon to humanity; they have given relief to thousands who would have dragged out a miserable and more or less brief existence. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills has earned and enjoys the gratitude of untold numbers who were on the verge of isolation or death, because their case defied the skill of the ordinary medical practitioner. The ruthless hand of nature permits only the survival of the strongest, but the tender ministrations of medical science, as exemplified in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, secure the survival of the weakest, which is in harmony with the divine injunction, "We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak and not please ourselves."

These famous pills have given strength to the apparently hopelessly weak, and vitalized and invigorated fragile and debilitated constitutions, enthroned health and strength, thus increasing every value and enhancing every joy. In substantiation of the reputed merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills read the following testimonial of one of Glegg's responsible citizens. Samuel Neil of the village of Lancaster, is one of the best known men of the county. "For three successive winters," says Mr. Neil, "I suffered from severe attacks of la grippe. Owing to the exhausting effects of these attacks I was unable to attend to my business half of the time. The last attack I had was in December, 1895. It was the most prolonged and the subsequent effect the most trying. All the winter of 1896 I was under medical care, and being somewhat advanced in life I presented a very frail appearance. My weakness was so pronounced that I became a victim of weak turns, and even with the assistance of a cane I was liable to fall. Attempts to walk were risky, and often to be regretted. I was troubled with a dizziness in the head that rendered locomotion difficult and unpleasant. Besides this general weakness I had pains in my shoulders, something like articular rheumatism in its fluctuations and severity. After a five months treatment I was not any better, in fact the doctor gave me very little encouragement. He said I had palpitation of the heart and it must run its course. The truth is I felt so weak that my hope of recovery was about nil. About the first of May I determined to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The result was the dizziness left me, day by day my pains vanished into imperceptibility, and I began to feel myself again. The improvement continued until I was able to follow my business with unexpected vigor. I am increasing in flesh and in the general signs of good health, and I unhesitatingly attribute my recovery to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, build up the nerves, and thus drive disease from the system. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines had failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a marvel among the triumphs of modern medical science. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Protect yourself from imposition by refusing any pill that does not bear the registered trade mark around the box.

Serena Ann's First Valentine.

(Continued from Page Four.)

time, and such a valentine! She showed it to one, then another; by noon everybody in school had seen that valentine, teacher and all. "Johnny gave it to me," she admitted innocently, with a grateful, loving glance at Johnny.

"Who did you say gave it to you, Serena Ann?" asked Sam Wells, with an astonished air.

"Johnny Starr," Sam Wells whistled. At noon Miss Little called her up to the desk and questioned her. Then she called up Johnny Starr and asked where he got the valentine. "At Mr. Solomon Badger's," replied Johnny stoutly. Serena Ann did not know what it all meant. She was bewildered when Miranda Sall and Lottie Goodwin and the other big girls came to her at the afternoon recess and told her that Miranda gave her the valentine, and not Johnny. She was more bewildered when she got home and found that her Grandfather Judd had given it to her. It began to seem to poor little Serena Ann as if everything was out of proportion, and topsy-turvy, and people were behaving like fairy stories. However, Serena Ann was not the only person who was bewildered. Her elders were as much nonplussed as she. For several days the whole village was in a turmoil over Serena Ann's valentine. Everybody questioned wildly who had or had not bought it. Johnny Starr was accused of stealing it; Sam Wells for finding it and keeping it unlawfully, and both were acquitted. Sam, because he did not seem to have kept it, after all; and Johnny, because of the testimony of his parents and Solomon Badger. Lottie Badger was discovered to be guilty of petty dishonesty and whipped with a birch stick, but that did not go far toward the solution of the whole mystery. Some of it was always dark in the minds of the village. It seemed unquestionable that one valentine had been sold several times and Solomon Badger offered to

A FLAT CONTRADICTION.

The Oft-Repeated Statements by Physicians that Chronic Rheumatism Cannot be Cured Refuted by Sworn Statements.

There never was a time when people were so sceptical in reference to medicine as the present; 'tis no wonder, for their credulity has been played upon by the unreliable claims of advertised cure-alls until doubt is converted into a belief that all announcements are imaginary pen pictures. Rheumatic sufferers are of the class whose intense suffering has led them to try first one thing, then another, until repeated failures convince them "there is no help for them." They hear about the startling cures made by Kootenay, but cannot overcome the suspicion that 'tis like all the rest. They do not know of the hidden power in "The new ingredient" peculiar to this preparation, that banishes Rheumatism—of how it enabled George Ball, blacksmith, residing corner Sanford Avenue and Huron Streets, Hamilton, to arise from a helpless condition and take up work in the City Quarries at hard labor, discharged from the hospital with the assurance "they could do nothing for him, his system was so full of rheumatism no power on earth could drive it out;" then lying at his home for weeks unable to lift hand to mouth, having to be fed by his wife, when the King's Daughters of Hamilton brought him Kootenay. Three bottles effected a complete cure. This is not more strange than the story told by Mrs. Guy, wife of Mail Carrier Robt. Guy, Brant Ave., Hamilton, whose mother love breathes thanks for the restoration of their seven year old Willie. His lower limbs were so swollen with inflammatory rheumatism he could not put his feet to the floor, the slightest touch causing intense pain, growing gradually worse, until his condition was pitiful; it seemed they were going to lose him, when Kootenay was used and three bottles completely cured him, so that he is going to school. The detailed sworn statements of above cures, with hundreds of others, can be obtained by addressing The Ryckman Medicine Co., Hamilton, Ont. If Kootenay is not obtainable of your dealer, sent charges prepaid on receipt of price, \$1.50 per bottle. Send for Chart Book, mailed free.

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refund the money. But it was difficult to ascertain to whom it was due, and he was poor, so all concerned refused any restitution.

At all events, Serena Ann had her valentine, her first one. And she never had any doubt as to who had given it to her. It was Johnny Starr, and he had bought it with his huckle-berry money which he had shaken out of his iron bank.

THE END.

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THE DRAMA

THE experience of the Grand Opera House with its last two attractions is surely significant. Last week an excellent farce-comedy, *My Friend From India*, was presented to almost empty houses, although the prices were normal at the evening performances and reduced for the matinees. This week an excellent romantic drama, *An Enemy to the King*, was presented there at prices raised one-half above regular rates, and the capacity of the theater was taxed. Why so? I think there are two explanations. One of these is that broad farce-comedy has been overdone. People have grown somewhat tired of altogether impossible situations and fun that is dragged into a story by the heels. The other reason is, however, the more important, and perhaps the only one of any weight, and it is this, that the farce-comedy was presented by a very poor company, while the romantic drama was put on by an excellent company. People knew before they went to the Grand to see *An Enemy to the King* that E. H. Sothern was a delightful actor in a romantic role. They knew further that Sothern would not travel without good support and perfect stage settings, and that Daniel Frohman would not send Sothern on the road without a strong company of players and the best stage accessories that money and art could reasonably produce. The result of public confidence in men who had shown themselves worthy of confidence, was that the Grand, on the opening night, was crowded. The merits of the performance guaranteed the rest and assures Frohman that his policy of thoroughness pays in both the short and the long run. Money is said to be scarce, but this town can always crowd a theater or a concert hall when the attraction is, beyond all question, sure to be good. Without cutting Sothern's salary, Frohman could save two hundred dollars a week or more by placing cheaper people in the comparatively unimportant parts in the drama, yet the general effect would be impaired and the present gain would be more than swallowed in greater losses another time.

Some may think that the singing of psalms by the warlike and blustering Blaise Tripault, and some of the expletives used by him on the one hand and by some of the followers of Henry of France on the other, might have been either omitted or shaded away into something of softness, but it must not be forgotten that the contest between Henry of Navarre and Henry of France politically resembled the sharp contest between William and James of England, and that the Huguenots blended religion and war (at times) as did the Roundheads under Cromwell or the Covenanters in Scotland who sang psalms as they whetted their claymores. It seems clear that the Roundheads under Cromwell fell into the most canting habits of speech, and exhibited the greatest possible piety whilst engaged in glutting their hate of their often helpless enemies. So far as I can judge, *An Enemy to the King* as a play shows such fidelity as is possible to the conditions of the time. War took on the excuse of religion. Around a nucleus of sincere men who believed that they guarded the interests of true religion, there rallied on the Huguenot side, as on the side of the Roman Catholic church, a crowd of fellows with ready strength who loved adventure and welcomed any cause of tumult.

The story of *An Enemy to the King* cannot be compressed into a paragraph, for, properly written, it would make an excellent romantic novel. A girl, to get a pardon for her father, consents to lay a trap for the most prominent of fighting Huguenots, place herself in his protection and send the Governor word where and when the man can be surprised and seized. She does so, and the Governor sends a body of troops to take him by night. The girl, horrified at what she has done, rides to the Governor's castle to undo it if possible, and De Launey, the Huguenot captain, follows to save her. He finds the castle and the Governor practically unguarded, and forces a pardon for the girl's father and passes for himself and party safely out of France. This merely indicates the general form of the plot.

The company is so excellent that it is unfair to particularize, but actors and actresses are used to unfair treatment, so I shall pick out two or three for special mention. Mary Hampton, of course, as Julie de Varion, is good, and Violet Rand as Briani. Of the male support, Rowland Buckstone is again a source of strength to Sothern, also A. R. Lawrence, Royden Erlenne and Morton Seltzer.

The scenic effects in *An Enemy to the King*

are nothing short of superb. The programme states that the scenery was painted by E. G. Unitt, and for once it is worth while mentioning the name of the scene painter.

The story goes that Mr. Sothern's share (for he enjoys a percentage as well as a salary) in last season's business with *The Prisoner of Zenda* amounted to \$53,000. Sometimes I think that I ought to give up telling actors how to act and should go on the stage myself.

Miss Marguerite Dunn, the gifted elocutionist, will appear at Massey Music Hall on February 16 at the A. O. U. W. concert. Her selections are *Damon and Pythias*, and the *Violin Fantasy*. The rendering of these selections has won for her marked approval from eminent critics.

Kidnapped, a sensational comedy drama, was presented at the Toronto Opera House this week with Mr. Kinzie Higgins as leading man. The experienced theater-goer will realize it all after reading the synopsis that appeared in the programme as follows: Act I.—McMooney's garden in Harlem. The escape of the mad woman. Act II.—Scene 1—Philip Northcote's studio, New York City. The crime. Scene 2—Footpath of Brooklyn Bridge. The pursuit. Scene 3—View of Brooklyn Bridge. The leap for liberty. Act III.—Scene 1—McMooney's sky parlor, New York City. The fugitive bride. Street in New York. Kidnapped. Act IV.—Thieves' Den. The fire. Act V.—Dock at midnight. The police patrol. Staging under the personal direction of the author.

Mr. E. S. Willard and his company will appear at the Grand Opera House during Easter week. He will present *The Rogue's Comedy* by Henry Arthur Jones, and may also play *The Middleman* by the same author, and *The Professor's Love Story*, by J. M. Barrie.

Beerbohm Tree eluded us and has returned to England. Toronto people were doubly anxious for his visit—on his own account and because of Gilbert Parker's play, *The Seats of the Mighty*. Another actor who came to Canada and ignored Toronto is Richard Mansfield, who has been playing in Montreal. He has not been in Toronto for many years, and I am sure the town is keenly curious as to him.

The ever-popular Irish comedian, Dan McCarthy, will make his reappearance next week at the Toronto Opera House in a new play, *The Dear Irish Home*. The piece is said to be an improvement on his many other comedy-dramas and is staged with special scenery and presented by a good company. The engagement is for one week, with "bargain matinees" at 15 cents for any seat in the balcony or 25 cents for any seat on the ground floor on the usual days, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

The Grand Opera House is dark the latter half of the week and will remain so until Monday, February 22, when *The Sign of the Cross* will be put on for a week. This is Wilson Barrett's play that aroused such enthusiasm in London.

LORE.

SPORTING COMMENT

Peterboro' is in high feather over the defeat of the Queen's Hockey Club on Monday night. The return game in the semi-finals will be played in Kingston on Monday night, and with much enterprise the manager of the Caledonia Rink has arranged for telegraphic reports of the game, and these will be given out during the T. A. C. Varsity match Monday night.

Wellingtons 5, U.C.C. 4. Last Saturday's Junior O. H. A. game at the Caledonia was the best exhibition of hockey given in Toronto this season. Although the ice was soft, thus making the going heavy, yet the game was fast throughout. At times, both teams showed excellent combination, and the passing, especially of the Wellingtons, was remarkably neat. When the regulation time was up, each team had scored four times, and for twenty minutes more the play was continued until Rowland shot the winning goal. Though the game was hotly contested, it was singularly free from roughness. The following on was fast, Temple of U.C.C. gaining much ground in this manner. U.C.C. excelled in the defence; Darling played a sterling game at cover-point; Brown at point was cool and lifted well, and McGaw in goal was almost impregnable. The Wellingtons' defence did not play remarkably well, with the exception of Gray, whose brilliant rushes were a feature of the game. The Wellington forwards, especially Captain Hill, were faster and better shots than their opponents, although U.C.C., however, have a strong forward line considering that this is the first year they have played together. These teams are old rivals, having met last year in the Junior City League finals, when the Wellingtons defeated U.C.C. 7-6. The Wellingtons have exactly the same team now as then, save McKenzie, whose place on the forward line has been taken by F. Morrison. U.C.C. have an entirely new forward line, all of their old men now playing on senior teams. Parmenter is with Trinity, Peck Morrison with Varsity, Labatt with the Peck of Toronto, and Lionel King with Peterboro'.

'Varsity 8, T. A. C. 7. The Senior O. H. A. game at the Caledonia Rink last Monday night was a poor exhibition of hockey. There was little attempt at combination play by the forwards of either team, although Varsity have improved in this respect since their game with Stratford; and almost invariably, whenever a man got the puck he would stick to it until it was too late to pass. T. A. C. made one change in their team since the Osgoode match, putting McArthur on the forward line, in Archibald's place. Varsity laid off Munson and Elliott, replacing them with J. Parry and Barr. Parry is a good man and played a hard, fast game; Barr did fairly well in the first half, but was skated off his feet by the quick T. A. C. forwards in the second half. The defence of both teams was weak at the beginning of the game, but steadied down as it progressed. Brummell's work at cover was only mediocre. Windyer at point relieved well, and made the play of the night in scoring after an unaided rush up the length of the rink. R. Parry played

a good game for Varsity at cover, and Scott at point has improved somewhat since his last game. Waldie did not play as brilliantly as McMurich; the latter let a few easy ones go through at first, but his work in the second half was decidedly clever, and but for his indefatigable effort Varsity would have won by a considerably larger score. T. A. C.'s forwards were faster than Varsity, but showed little combination. Johnston and Carruthers played well on the outside, but Miller and McArthur did not stay in their places and missed several easy chances to score. These teams meet again next week in the second game of the semi-final round, and judging from the form displayed in the above game I think T. A. C. will win, although now one point behind.

Commerce 11—Toronto 4. The game was too one-sided to be interesting; occasionally both teams showed brilliant bits of combination work, but as a whole the quality of hockey was poor. Mr. Brummell, the referee, apparently did not think it would be consistent if he (one of the roughest players in the city) stopped the teams from slugging one another, and so allowed the most flagrant slashing and body-checking to go unpunished.

The Bank of Commerce hockey team has won three games and lost one, while the Dominion Bank team has won three and lost none, so that should the Commerce team win to-day it will lead the Bank League, but should it lose it will fall decidedly behind the Dominion Bank team in points. Therefore the game will be a hummer.

When a hockey team is engaged in practice a well posted referee should always keep the game firmly in hand. When a scrub seven is got together to meet the team in a practice match, it is too often the case that "everything goes." Off-side plays go unchallenged, the game becomes swift shinny and nothing more, and combination play is almost impossible. When a stern referee controls practice, the team, on going into an important game, has nothing to remember and nothing to forget. It has simply to sail in and play its game for all it is worth.

The organization of a rowing club in connection with Varsity is an auspicious event. It is not every university that has such water as Toronto Bay at its doors, and in course of time Varsity should be able to put out a fine crew. Every inspiration may be had, for we have Hanlan in town, Gaudaur in the province, and many expert oarsmen in the local rowing clubs. Since Hanlan set the lake on fire twenty years ago Canada has been almost constantly in the lead or disputing leadership in oarsmanship, and if now a rowing club can be well started at the University, among the hundreds of students it should soon be easy to get a college crew that could do us credit in international contests. About the only first-class sport hitherto neglected at Varsity is rowing, and now that promises to be taken up in good style. It is almost impossible to estimate the impetus that this will give to athletics, not only here, but in those parts of the country to which the undergrads repair in vacation, and where they locate after graduating. Nothing more significant with result has happened in the field of athletics within my memory.

In view of the gallant manner in which J. K. McCulloch of Winnipeg has upheld Canada's reputation in the international skating races at Montreal, I republish the portrait of him which appeared, with his last season's records, in this column a couple of months ago. He ranks as an amateur, yet I believe that he can show his heels to any of the professionals. A young skater who has given promise of big things is Green of Smith's Falls. He ranked well in



J. K. McCulloch, Champion Skater.

fast company at Montreal and must hereafter be reckoned with. McCulloch will meet John F. Davidson in a three-mile matched race in Cornwall to-day. Davidson will also race with Tackaberry of Cornwall, who has shown considerable speed. There will undoubtedly be a large crowd at Cornwall. It is to be hoped that McCulloch will race in Toronto, and it is a pity that all the fast men were not induced to come here in a bunch.

THE UMPIRE.

Not a Fair Division.

Life.
Hereditarily most unjust,
And that's why I repine;
I have my great-grandfather's gout,
But haven't got his wine.

McLANBURGH WILSON.

"Do you like cabbage?" "Well, I never eat it, but I smoke it sometimes."—*Chicago Record.*

She—Pussie has no exact equivalent in English. Her Brother—What's the matter with calling the lady a "has been?"—*Puck.*

A young chap in Eastern Ontario accused of murder has a very strong defence. He says he is not a Barnardo boy at all.—*Kincardine Review.*

Famous Author (who has been invited to dinner, to himself)—What a wretched menu! I shall take good care not to make any witty remarks.—*Fliegende Blätter.*

"Lo, the poor Indian!" After reading the evidence of their venality during election campaigns, is it any wonder that we should loath the poor Indian?—*Kincardine Review.*



Sir Michael Hicks-Beach.
The British Chancellor of the Exchequer, whose speech on the question of the occupation of Egypt has thrown France into excitement and disturbed all Europe. Sir M. Hicks-Beach has always been regarded as one of the most cautious and moderate of British statesmen, which makes his outburst the more significant.

The Arbitration Treaty.

Washington Star.

"Phwat's the good av a threaty?" asked Mr. Rafferty, who had been devoting some reading to international topics.

"Wull," replied Mr. Dolan; "it's sometimes harrud to kape the shtraight av a quarrel an' be sure who's in the roight an' who's in the wrong. A threaty makes it plain as day, an' fur thot it's a good t'ing."

"But how does it work?"
"Supposin' you an' meself wus two governmints an' we made a threaty thot we'll hov no foights; nothin' but argumints. An' supposin' O'git riled at something you do an' sbtart in to lick yez."

"Yez couldn't do it, Dolan."
"O' moight thry."
"An' phwat th' in?"
"Then thot u'd be a breach av the threaty an' my part, an' yez could go ahead an' lick me, if ye wor able, wid a clear conscience."

Not Always Safe.

A teacher was taking a class in the infant Sunday school room, and was making her scholars finish each sentence, to show that they understood. "The idol had eyes," the teacher said, "but it couldn't—"

"See," cried the children.
"It had ears, but it couldn't—"
"Hear," was the answer.
"It had lips," she said, "but it couldn't—"
"Speak," once more replied the children.
"It had a nose, but it couldn't—"
"Wipe it," shouted the children. And the lesson had to stop a moment for the teacher to recover her composure.

Household Economics.

Fliegende Blätter.

"I don't see, Ella, how you manage with your house money. If I give you a lot, you spend a lot; but if I don't give you so much, you seem to get along with it."
"Why, that's perfectly simple, Rudolph. When you give me a lot I use it to pay the debts I get into when you don't give me so much!"

Don't Ask Too Much.

Boston Transcript.

"Do you see much difference in Deville since his conversion?"
"Oh, yes, a great difference. When he kicks out a tenant now he tells him how sorry he is to be obliged to disturb him; he used to be quite rough in his manner."
"But he kicks them out just the same, I suppose?"
"Of course; you can't expect a man to carry his religion so far as to let it interfere with his business."

They are all Right.

Rumors are rife about Kingston that a good many officials in the penitentiary there will have to go as a result of the investigation now being made.—*Almonte Gazette.*

Well, that's not nearly as bad as would be a rumor that they will have to "stay" in that institution. Surely it is a sign of good character to be discharged from a penitentiary.

He is Gone the Noo.

Donald, a native of one of the western isles of Scotland, to Dugald, a native of another of those isles:

"I say, Dugald, man, have ye ony exciseman on your islands?"
Dugald—Er! What kind o' thing's that?
Donald—Och! jist wan o' thae bodies that goes aboot lookin' for stills o' whusky, an' that.

Dugald—Oo-oo-oo, ay! We had wan but we trooted it.

The Break in His Record.

"William," said Mrs. Spadina, "do you remember our wedding day?"
"Woman!" he cried, "am I never to succeed in living that down? It was my one false step and I have surely atoned for it."

Working by the Day.

Two canny Scots, walking to Auchtermuchty, saw an uncouth figure standing in a distant field. After gazing intently one said, "It's never moving, so it's a 'tatta bogle.'"
"It's no a 'tatta bogle," replied the other; "it's a man working by the day."

"You," said the new cashier, "will find me like a watch. You can judge me by my works."
"All right," responded the banker, arising to the merry occasion; "I will bear your case in mind, and see that you do not accumulate any superfluous dust in your movements."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

The "New Woman's" Valentine.

For Saturday Night.

Adored one, I'm waiting for thee,
No other rich man can I see
That has half the attractions that thou dost possess
To entrap and bewilder poor me.

The single are all very well,
But they know not the 'wildering spell
That the married possess who are trained in love-lore,
As this tortured heart truly can tell.

Thy wife is a poor sickly thing;
She surely can't live till the spring;
Then when song-birds are singing and roses in bloom,
Our wedding-bells gaily will ring.

I know you won't think it a sin,
That I'm wishing she early may win
Her place with the angels and join in the choir,
And her spirit-life safely begin.

She is gentle and mild as a dove,
She's so suited to regions above;
And when she's transplanted to heavenly shores,
There'll be nothing to hinder our love.

CLARA H. MOUNTCASTLE.

My Mother's Valentine.

For Saturday Night.

When I was a lad—a little lad—
A lad with golden hair,
My mother she thought I was so good
Because I was so fair.

She gave me a dime one day to buy
Some sweets I thought divine.
Instead of caramels fresh I bought
A glaring valentine.

I folded it up in an envelope
And penned this little line:
"I buy'd it for you to-day, mother,
This funny valentine!"

Then by and by to her room I went,
But I did not care to speak,
Cause mother was reading the valentine,
And tears were on her cheek.

Though the tears of joy have changed to grief,
Still, in her old armed chair
She sings as she dreams of the olden days
And her boy with golden hair.

I fancy oft she hears me call,
And then with love divine
She takes from the desk of crumpled leaves
My earliest valentine.

W. A. SHERWOOD.

Ode to a Fountain Pen.

For Saturday Night.

O pen! O fountain of the poet's thought
With meaning laden, by the muse well taught,
My "unpremeditated lay" to tell,
In liquid cadence like the rise and swell
Of music on the drowsy air of night.
"Whitching all hearers with a calm delight—
Only a day I've had thee, yet I feel
That this thou'lt do and unto me reveal
The inmost secrets of poetic skill.
Yielding the power to rhyme and write at will:
And who shall say what that long tube of thine
Contains, perhaps, of poetry divine?—
Sonnets and songs and melancholy lays;
Miltonic epics and Shakespearean plays;
Plays upon words and jokes with points of gold,
All, all of these thy reservoir may hold.
O pen, and if my penury should cause
Vile creditors to threaten me with laws,
Thine shall not be the lowering lot to write
Appealing tales to tailors through the night—
A vulgar pen I'll use of common steel,
Which, at the work, shall no compunction feel—
A blot! O pen, I am surprised at thee!
What! Wilt not write at all? Ah, then, I see
Thou'rt greatly like a man in all thy ways
And think't thy task is done with telling thine own
praise,
O pen!
W. B. LEITCH.

Rugby.

For Saturday Night.

Sweet Eunice played at Rugby,
Her football was my heart,
She won the game quite easily,
I lost right from the start.
One glance from her dear eyes,
One smile as untold bliss,
And oh! what infinite joy
Was wrapt in Eunice's kiss.
But alas! she soon grew tired,
Then I, forgotten, found
One more heart torn and tattered
On Life's old football ground.

Toronto, Feb. '97. M. NIMMO McDONALD.

The New Journalism.

Leslie's Weekly.

Ply your mud rakes, thrust them in
To the fetid bogs of sin;
Lift them dripping with the slime
Of the cesspools of our time;
Search through every social sewer,
Search for all that's most impure,
Hunt for every deed of shame
And for deeds without a name;
Let the eager public see
All our moral leprosy.
For it is our daily stint
The unprintable to print;
'Tis the glory of our clique
The unspeakable to speak.
Run we through our printing press
Myriad miles of nastiness;
Smear with slime its league-long rolls—
Food, my masters; food for souls.

Pour we through our printing press
Tons of moral putridness;
Let it through the land be spread,
Let the people all be fed.
Ply your mud-rakes with all haste,
Lest some filth shall run to waste;
Rake out every carrion shape,
Lest no noisome thing escape;
Have it from your sewers vast,
We'll scatter it broadcast.
This is stuff supremely good
For our hungry children's food.
Let the printing press be whirled,
Smear this sewage o'er the world;
Lest not your supply grow less,
Dump it through our printing press;
Smear again its league-long rolls—
Food, my masters; food for souls.

Charitable old lady (to little beggar-girl)—
There's some bread for you. It's a day or two
old, but you can tell your mother to take three
or four fresh eggs, a quart of milk, a cup of
sugar, some good butter and half a grated
nutmeg, and she can make a very excellent
pudding of it.—*Dublin Times.*



THE BRIGADIERS' BALL.

SCENE—Ladies' dressing-room. A hundred fair creatures surround one looking-glass. Agitated maids collect wraps.

Dream in Pink—There, Maud, you've prinked quite enough; do let me have a look.

Vision in Blue (applying powder to nose)—Oh, you're all right! You look perfectly sweet. That's a new dress, isn't it?

D. in P. (not to be taken in)—No, it isn't; I've worn it four times. There's Charley Wobblers in the hall.

V. in B. (starting and peeping)—Where? (D. in P. immediately takes possession of glass.)

Mrs. Chappieron (gazing about through long-handled shrilleys)—A curiously mixed crowd, my dear!

1st Bud (sotto voce)—I do hate Mrs. Chappieron; she gives herself such airs!

2nd Bud (in convulsion of mirth)—Well, she's lost some of her 'airs now—look what I've found! (Exposes fetching ringlet). See that bald spot at the back of her neck. Vain old thing! It must take her hours to dress.

1st B.—Well, there's one thing she and her horrid husband both agree in.

2nd B.—What's that?

1st B.—They neither of them know the moderate use of the glass!

Fair creatures proceed upstairs.

Matron (to nephew)—George, I want to introduce you to Miss Bigun.

George (cautiously)—My card's nearly full. Where is she?

Matron—There she is by the pillar.

George (gasping)—Hold me up, Aunt! What a splendid advertisement she'd be for Dog Biscuit—or anything else! I might (doubtfully) take her out in instalments. I might dance with a quarter of her at a time—the rest to come on by next male. Sorry, Aunt; my card's quite full.

Captain Smasher (to Mere Civilian)—Seen Miss Plancier anywhere? No! (Consults programme). 1st Waltz, Miss Plancier—2nd, Pink Bodice-Trick eye—3rd, Green Streamers—4th, Blue gown, bow-legged arms—5th, Dress from McKenna's—Oh, Mrs. Rapid, can I have a dance?

Mrs. Rapid—Certainly; take the 10th, I'll be gone then!

Tommy Hays (to parson's daughter from the country)—And what do you do to amuse yourself in Wayback?

Miss Heyceder (cavalierly)—Oh, there's plenty to do! There are the poor to visit, and the Coal Club, and the Dorcas Society, and the Sunday School. Now there's old Widow Sniggerage, she's so interesting. One son has gone to etc., etc.

Tommy (deeply interested in Pretty Girl



across the room)—I've always been crazy to join a Cold Club or a Locust Society. Oh, here's Charley Wobblers. May I introduce him? He just adores parish work! (sotto voce to Charley) I'll introduce you, old man—heirss—awfully entertaining—cleverest girl in the room.

Misguided Charley—Aw—Aw—thanks. (Is introduced.)

Miss Heyceder—I wish I could interest you in our clothing circulation at Wayback, Mr. Wobblers, etc.

(Tommy goes on his way rejoicing.)

College Youth (to Cousin)—Come on, Amy, there's a lovely sitting-out place—dark stairs—just under the garret. Quick, or it'll be snatched!

They establish themselves on top step.

Amy—Splendid place! There's no one here. Voice from darkness above—She's rather a ducky!

2nd Voice—An' he's a s'ectums!

1st Voice—Silly girl, perley!

2nd Voice—Oo's a bad man! Girdley say ta-ta, an' go talkey walkey wis ozzer man, Girdley ky!

1st Voice—Oh, diddums, then—nevey mind. (Long suggestive pause.)

Amy (awestruck)—Fred, what is it?

Fred—It sounds like — slush! (Very loudly). Ahem!

Contrary to expectation, couple of adults emerge from gloom, during lucid interval. Both appear disturbed.

Amy—It's Edith van Flirt and Mr. Theosoft!

Oh!

Mr. Theosoft, still under the influence, falls down stairs. Snatches at electric light bracket for support. Pulls it out.

Fred—Isn't it awful to see the public manner he evinces his objection to light?

Amy—What's the matter with him?

Fred—Been holding communication with disembodied spirits, I should imagine!

1st Chaperone (in balloon)—What time is it, dear?

2nd Chap.—Only 12.30. (Both groan.)

1st Chap.—My eyes feel like glass balls. How sweet your Lucy looks!

2nd Chap.—I wish she wouldn't dance so much with Tommy Hays.

1st Chap.—His mustache reminds me of the Sword of Damocles—it depends on a single hair!

2nd Chap. (admirably)—How you keep up, dear, is a wonder to me. I'm so tired that if it wasn't for the look of the thing I'd put my feet up and have a good sleep.

1st Chap.—I daren't go to sleep, but I wish I could let out my dress lace a quar— Supper, thank goodness!

Voices floating from Supper-room—You know you promised me—Some oysters—So she said to me—If you could interest yourself in a—Salad please—Aw—aw—aw—He fell right down and they picked him up and led him—A lovely dance. GORRY.

Many Returns of the Day.

MEN who grow rich and conspicuous in public affairs do not, as a rule, keep a list of the names and addresses of their relatives by blood and marriage. The rich man, as a general thing, has a poor memory for the names and faces of his relatives. He generally makes a big splurge in his last will and testament, but while alive and able to count his wealth it is almost impossible to get into him for a dollar, even with a brace and bit.

Mr. Sandford Fleming has in many ways proven himself to be a fine old man. He occupies almost a unique place in public confidence, and it may also be said that his relations hold him in high regard. On attaining his seventieth birthday, about ten days ago, he caused his solicitor to send out to each and all of his grand-children, nieces, nephews and other known relatives of the younger generation, a cheque for \$17.50, being one shilling (or 25c.) for each of the seventy years he had lived. These cheques were very numerous and found their way to Toronto, Peterboro', Ottawa, Montreal and many other points, and the total amount disbursed in this way aggregated nearly \$3,000. Ten years ago, Mr. Fleming, on reaching his sixtieth birthday, in the same way sent out sixty shillings.

The average old man who is wealthy has a fairly well-grounded idea that many relatives would regard his death as not an unmixed calamity, but in the case of Mr. Sandford Fleming scores of relatives are no doubt sincerely hoping that he may live forever.

On the Members' Desks.

THE Ontario Parliament opened Wednesday with some of the ceremony that in other days distinguished it. Much has already been written of that event, but some very interesting points have been passed over. During the long term between sessions of the Legislature a great lot of visitors go through the Parliament Buildings, and many of these write upon the members' desks. Some only sign their names and addresses, while others, more facetious, attempt to leave a cutting epigram. The stalwart from the back township seeks out the desk of the local member and writes his name there, to cheer the rural statesman during the session, or possibly to remind him that the stalwart is candidate for a job as bailiff or as a division court clerk. Now and then a friend of a defeated candidate finds his way to a member's desk and leaves there a written jibe which only the victor can understand, and which is expected to make him wince. A great many of the visitors are from the United States, and nearly all of these wrote about sound money or free silver.

On the desk of Mr. A. B. Robertson, M.P.P., North Waterloo, I found inscribed these lines, signed by J. S., Bridgeport, North Waterloo:

The Record poked fun at Black Sandy's hat. But Sandy got there with both feet for all that; And the very same hat, it covers more brains Than the whole of the Record's office contains.

Is it the Berlin Record that gets this unanswerable thrust from Sandy Robertson's friend from Bridgeport?

Hon. A. S. Hardy, on taking his seat, may have been observed to heave a sigh of relief and smile with ineffable content. If so, this is the reason: on his desk in blunt letters were these words:

Hon. A. S. now leads the Government. I'll follow.

On another member's desk—just whose it was I could not discover—was this significant message:

Miss Shippe was here.

Last crowning triumph of representative government—Miss Shippe sat in Parliament!

Some resolute follower of the Opposition wrote on one of the Government desks this ominous threat:

Youse poor miserable Grits, you will soon have to vacate this house.

Someone evidently confusing W. R. Beatty of Parry Sound with Major Beattie of London, wrote on his desk these lines:

Hyman will roost in the Parliament coop, Hurrah for victory!

And Beatty will soon be in the soup, Hurrah for victory.

On the desk of W. M. German, M.P.P., Welland, a visitor wrote this question and answer, which I leave others to interpret:

Can wrong be made right? Yes, and our party can do it.

London is a red-hot center of politics, and naturally I looked for something warm on the desk of T. S. Hobbs, M.P.P. Sure enough, here I found these pertinent or impertinent queries:

How much are nails a pound? How much is your promise worth?

Yours truly, LONDON.

What's the matter with Essery? He's know good.

Mr. Charles Wilcox of Michigan was a visitor one day in the hot weather, and after his name wrote that he "by the grace of God and permit

The War Song of Cuba.



of the Queen, visited Parliament," and he dated this July 37, 1896. Underneath someone wrote this apology: "July 37! Mister Wilcox of Michigan was full at the time."

On another Government desk someone whose politics may be guessed at wrote as follows:

Boys about 17 wanted to hold seats down and vote with the Government. Apply at once.

A great many others might be quoted, but these will suffice to show the state of politics and humor at present. These autograph contributions from visitors afford a great deal of amusement to the members and their friends.

A Sermon that Failed.

APASTOR from a village east of the city occupied the pulpit of a Presbyterian church in the west end of Toronto a couple of Sundays ago, and somewhat unexpectedly chose to devote his morning discourse to an exposition and defence of Calvinism in all its branches. He omitted nothing—he hadn't a doubt on any fractional point of doctrine, and somehow he made the Westminster creed sound less acceptable than it reads. The harshness of his interpretation was largely responsible for this, for he laid it all down as grim law and failed to illuminate it with love. The pastor of the church is one who preaches salvation rather than doctrine, and so the congregation may not have been prepared for such a discourse. At all events, as the people were filing out at the close a lady, greeting an acquaintance, said to him:

"How did you like the sermon?"

"Well, after that sermon on Calvinism I must say that I prefer Christianity," he replied. The remark was severe and shocked the lady for a moment, but he went on to explain that what he found fault with was the lame and unnecessary defence of Calvinism in a place where it was not disputed—that his faith in the church doctrines had been stronger before the sermon than after.

Apollo and Tomkins.

Scene—Office in Canada Life Building.

APOLLO—It makes me weary—it makes me exceedingly weary to read about other fellows doing the great thing while we poor modern devils are doomed by the asinine mediocrity of the age to live like cows in stalls and chew the cud of civilization. Men don't live nowadays; they merely exist; they are machines, they are moles, they are worms. The world is worn out, aged and sear; the blood runs cold, the pulse beats slow, the wine of life is sour, the flowers of joy are withered, the lights burn low. Life is a failure.

TOMKINS, B.A.—Nonsense. What do you know about life?—a foolish boy barely out of his teens! This is the most highly civilized epoch in the history of the world.

Apollo—And what is civilization but a coffin when the ancient joys lie buried? One splendid moment of wild barbaric joy was worth a century of this. Give me the ancient ecstasy—when the world was savage and free and the battle of life was fought in a garden of flowers—bright skies, bright eyes, bright hopes, red wine, red lips, red blood, great hearts, great hopes, great hates, the lust for life, the battle joy.

TOMKINS—Heroes are fools. They were too primitive to be practical. If you get three meals a day you needn't complain. Look after number one. If you don't skin the other fellow he'll skin you. Make a dive for the dough whenever you see it. Life ain't so bad if you've got the stuff. The rich man is always fashionable. Cash will open any door in Toronto or elsewhere. Who made society influential and polite?

Apollo—No one made it polite, but someone called it polite, and what a sweet exchange you offer for the deep joys of old. You spend your life making cash to open the door of joy, and when the cash is made your life is gone. You stand old and tired before the door of society with a golden key in your hand. You open it and find—a garden of roses? No, but a select company of silly females and rattle-brained, simpering men—a hierarchy of mediocrities, where it is positively unfashion-

able to be intelligent, and criminal to be thought clever. Did you ever hear an original remark in a drawing-room?

TOMKINS—Not often, but then I have seldom met you out, you know. I have, however, seen some clever men—not too clever, you know—just clever.

Apollo—The men of to-day have milk in their veins instead of blood.

TOMKINS—Milk. What of our football players, our hockey—

Apollo—Ye gods! How Achilles would have smiled to see the sons of an imperial race, descendants of the men whose fathers conquered nations and wrote immortal epics, chasing a dirty piece of pigskin around the field or floundering like silly schoolboys on the ice!

What an intellectual effort it requires to be a civilized young man!

TOMKINS—I am appalled at your superiority. We have some students, however, in the town—some colleges.

Apollo—Where the minds of boys are stuffed with threadbare, worn-out thoughts of other men; where the flower of youth is wasted in the charnel atmosphere of lecture-rooms and library; their eyes grow dim, the roses fade from their cheeks, their brows grow wrinkled. They bring knowledge away from college and leave their youth behind.

TOMKINS—Your youth is safe.

Apollo—I love a man as Nature made him, before the chains of civilization were laid upon him to cripple and deform. I love him in all his primitive simplicity—barbaric, beautiful and free—the brother of the roses, the lily and the dew, the comrade of the stars, alive and thrilling with creative music—the music of the storm.

TOMKINS—Oh, give us a rest! I'm hungry! I'm going home! I want some grub!

Toronto, Feb., '97. CAIUS.

Church Entertainments.

REV. DR. WILLIAM BAYARD HALE, who is warring vigorously against sectarianism, finds in the prevalence of church entertainments an additional evidence of the interference which the divisions among Christians have wrought with the spiritual work of the church. He has kept a record of entertainments given by religious societies in the United States from June 1, 1895, to June 1, 1896, and this record, which of course is but fragmentary, includes more than five hundred such occasions. "It is with a sense of amazement, tinged with admiration," he says sarcastically, that a student discovers "with what increasing ardor the institution, founded not to be ministered unto but to minister, is giving itself to the duty of providing fun at a minimum cost; with what unexampled philanthropy it is placing within reach of the humblest and poorest of Christian people the Female Minstrel, the Dog-Show, the Dance of the Wood-Nymphs, the Brownie Drill, and kindred joys."

His enumeration of such entertainments, with the churches responsible for them, fills six pages of *The North American Review*. It includes the following: Mrs. Jarley's Wax-works, rejuvenescent with Trilby characters (without whom no well ordered church performance is complete), and The Man Who Ticked His Wives to Death; Woodcock's Little Game, said to be a clever thing in the comedy vein, brilliant series of Living Pictures, and that screaming farce, Poor Pilloody; "a birthday party, in the course of which a baby rattle and spoon drill was performed in a gratifying manner;" "a stimulating entertainment by the Peak Sisters, widely known in American religious circles, introducing that touching ballad, Do You Know the Mouth of Man, in which the gentle art of kissing is referred to ninety times;" A Poker Party; A Dude Drill; A Great Moral Dime Show, "introducing McGinty, a dwarf, and a petrified man;" Dance of the Arab Maidens; A Blackbird Ballet; the Chew Glue Sisters in their Song and Dance Specialties; Sacred Female Minstrels, in which the young ladies were not only coked but appeared in bloomers, and one of whom, "with enviable agility, if not discretion, kicked a tambourine held above her head;" a three-act opera in which the male roles were taken by

girls in fleshings; the Trilby Party, otherwise the Foot Social, otherwise the Ankle Auction, in which "the young ladies of the church display their feet, let us say, and be polite—behind a curtain which is lifted to a height described as 'tantalizing,'" and men in front of the curtain, viewing what is displayed, bid for the privilege of taking their particular choice of the females to supper.

Dr. Hale goes on to say that Christianity is not stronger to do its work because, in the churches of its professors, there is being substituted for the incense of prayer the aroma of the bean supper and the oyster stew. There are, he says, one hundred and forty sects fastened upon a people who cannot support them. Where now rival sects find it necessary to "go to the masses" with prize texts, bicycle runs for Christ, cyclone evangelists, and lantern services, a united church, soberly engaged in its proper work, would find the masses eager to come to it.

The War Song of Cuba.

ALL through the present century Cuba has been fighting to get free from Spanish rule. Often the struggle has degenerated into a mere annoyance of Spain by a band of outlaws in the mountains, but sometimes it has risen to the dimensions of real war. Perhaps no long and successful struggle for a people's freedom was ever fought without the aid of music in the shape of a battle hymn. Even in Old Testament times this was true, and Cubans have had several war songs. The first effort to establish a national hymn for the patriots was made in 1821, when a song called *The Exile's Hymn* was composed by Cuba's greatest poet, José Maria Heredia.

This was a most inspiring air, and was sung intermittently throughout Cuba's tribulations until 1874, when the Ten Years' War was raging. Then the Cuban poet, Miguel T. Tolon, wrote the *Himno de Guerra Cubano* (*The Hymn of the Cuban War*). This was sung with enthusiasm by the Cuban troops and filled the immediate needs of the war minstrels, but after the war ended it fell into oblivion more or less.

Then came the present hymn, which is likely to become to the Cubans what *Rule, Britannia!* is to the British, and what *The Marseillaise* is to the French. It was written in 1898 by Pedro Figuerdo as he sat on horseback at the head of his troops, in the town of Bayamo, which had just been captured from the Spanish. The song became a great favorite and is now sung everywhere by the Cuban people.

Here is a free translation of that part of the song of which we reproduce the music:

On to the fight, Bayameses,
Our country is proud of her sons;
To die for her sake is an honor.
Hark! to the sound of the guns.

Shall our country stand free and unfettered
Or languish in chains like a slave?
Hark! hark! to the notes of the clarion,
On to the battle, ye brave.

A Defence of Shylock.

RESOLVED, that Shylock does not receive justice in *The Merchant of Venice*. This was the interesting subject of a discussion at last Friday night's meeting of the Ladies' Literary League of McMaster University. Mrs. J. T. Marshall ('97) and Miss E. M. Botterill argued the affirmative, and were resisted by Miss M. D. Eby ('97) and Miss J. E. Dryden ('00).

The arguments and sentiments against Shylock have been very well set forth by one Shakespeare, but much interest attaches to the defence of Shylock made by Mrs. Marshall and Miss Botterill. They argued that the Jew all his days had been spurned, ridiculed and cheated by Antonio and his friends. Figuratively, they had spat upon him for years, had treated him as a low creature, yet when the crisis came they whimpered and expected him to rise to heights of generous forbearance. Shylock had been robbed of his daughter, his money, his servant, and then, by a palpable trick, a quibble, had been cheated of the pound of flesh guaranteed him in the bond. Portia has been extolled, yet she was a perverter of justice. If the old Jew had had one of our modern lawyers to argue his cause, Miss Portia would not have succeeded in her illogical argument, for it would have been shown that it was Antonio's business to see that he did not lose any blood along with the pound of flesh due Shylock. The Jew got the worst of it, and if Portia had not happened along with her specious reasoning the Venetians would have robbed the old Israelite on some other pretext.

Miss A. H. Dicklow, Ph. M., however, gave a verdict against the persecuted Mr. Shylock.

The Mother Tongue.

If someone were to keep a record of the idioms and the metaphors used by public speakers, it would be found that many of them are confusing or mixed. For instance, Rev. Dr. Sutherland in repudiating the remark, disparaging French-Canadians, attributed to him, said that some other person may have made the remark—some other person whose "indiscreet slip of the tongue was placed on the wrong shoulders." As a matter of fact the tongue is located in the mouth and throat.

Principal Grant, also of Kingston, in speaking of mining, alluded to "fools who allow themselves to be hoodwinked by sharks." As another matter of fact, it would, of course, be a physical impossibility for a shark to hoodwink a man however foolish. The shark is a deep-sea creature, without hands, and for it to tie a bandage over a man's eye is out of the question. In truth, it would well become these two reverend gentlemen to be more careful in preparing their facts, for not only knowledge, but language, the vehicle of knowledge, is in their keeping.

A Fact New to Her.

An old Scottish woman had gone on a visit to her soldier son at a garrison town where an evening gun was fired. When the gun boomed forth the hour she was very much startled.

"Whatna noise is that?" she asked in alarm.

"Oh, that's sunset," answered the son.

"Losh keep us!" she exclaimed, "I didna ken the sun gaed down wi' a dunt like that."

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Steamers	From	Arrive	Arrive	Arrive
	N. York	Gibraltar	Naples	Genoa
Kaiser Wilhelm II.	Feb. 20	Mar. 1	Mar. 3	Mar. 3
Ima	Feb. 27	Mar. 8	Mar. 10	Mar. 11
Vera	Mar. 6	Mar. 15	Mar. 18	Mar. 19
Fulda	Mar. 13	Mar. 22	Mar. 24	Mar. 25
Kaiser Wilhelm II.	Mar. 27	Apr. 5	Apr. 8	Apr. 9
Ima	Apr. 10	Apr. 19	Apr. 22	Apr. 23
Vera	Apr. 17	Apr. 26	Apr. 29	Apr. 30

SPECIAL CRUISES—NEW YORK TO EGYPT.

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AFRICA AUSTRALIA

Anecdotal.

Tennyson used to tell the story of a farmer who, after hearing a red-hot sermon of never-ending fire and brimstone, consoled his wife quite sincerely with the naive remark: "Never mind, Sally; that must be wrong; no constitution could stand it."

A Jesuit having attempted to assassinate King Henry IV. of France but only succeeding in wounding him in the mouth, the King said: "Well, I have often heard from the mouths of others that the Jesuits were my enemies, but am now convinced of it by my own."

At the late annual dinner of the Boston Press Club, F. H. Cushman, city editor of the *Record*, submitted the following happy combination of conundrum and answer: "What is the difference between us and our esteemed contemporaries? We know news when we see it, and they seize news when they know it."

A wealthy Irish lady, whose summer home is situated near a garrison town in Ireland, once sent an invitation to Captain Armstrong to take tea with her, saying that "the pleasure of Captain Armstrong's company is respectfully requested," etc. To her astonishment, she received by an orderly the following note: "Enlisted men Jones and Smith have been detailed to do guard duty, but the remainder of Captain Armstrong's company accept with pleasure Mrs. Naylor's polite invitation."

A man walking up and down the platform vainly looking for a seat in the crowded train, suddenly had an inspiration. He stuck his head in a car door and said loudly: "This train is not going." There was a general seizure of parcels and a crowding of people out to the platform, whereupon the man entered and selected a choice seat. Presently the passengers crowded in again, and those who had lost their seats demanded why he had misled them. "I merely made a remark," he said. "The train wasn't going, was it? It isn't going even yet."

Some curious stories are told of the ways of the new-comers to South Africa says the *Cape Register*. It is said that recently a fresh clerk was imported for an office of the Netherlands Railway. The gentleman in question was made in Holland, and took thence an alarming amount of luggage. During the unpacking of

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one of the largest boxes—an operation which was watched with interest by several of the callow youth's colleagues—a bright new steel spade came to view. "Hallo!" queried a bystander, "what's that for?" "I thought," replied, in all innocence, the youth—"I thought I'd do a little gold-digging in my leisure hours!"

Her Majesty gets some queer letters, or at least she would get them but for the vigilance of her private secretary. He received an odd one last month and decided to lay it before Her Majesty. It came from a point in India, near Calcutta, and was from a child:

"DEAR QUEEN—I let my doll fall into a hole in the mountain, and as I know that the other side of the world belongs to you, I wish you would send someone there to find my doll."

Although the letter may have been a fake, the Queen, unable to find that particular doll, sent another to the child by mail.

Professor Blackie was once staying at Tyne-mouth. Before retiring to rest he informed his host that he had two requests to make: First, that they would allow his bed-room door to stand wide open; and, second, that they were not to be alarmed should they hear him singing in the middle of the night, for when he could not fall asleep he would somnambulate with a song. Accordingly, at two o'clock in the morning the old professor was heard singing in strong, cheery tones, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," like a veritable Highlander on the war-path. And again, in the stillness of the night, he sang out: "Green grow the rushes, O." The last lines were sung in more subdued tones, and sleep came to him ere he finished his song.

The custom which permits English parents to arrange marriages for their children used to be observed in a manner that would have provoked rebellion in an American household. The following story is told of a relative by Lady Langford, the original of Lady Kew in Thackeray's *Newcomes*: Lady Langford had only once seen her cousin, Lord Langford, when he came to visit her grandmother, and the next day the old lady told her she was to marry him. "Very well, grandmother, but when?" "I never in my life heard such an impertinent question," said the grandmother. "What business is it of yours when you are to marry him? You will marry him when I tell you. However, whenever you hear me order six horses to the carriage, you may know that you are going to be married." And so it was.

A gentleman walking upon the street was beset at the heels by a yelping black-and-tan dog, the owner of which, just behind, seemed quite oblivious to her dog's behavior. Seeing that the woman made no effort to call off the animal, the gentleman turned upon his persecutor and administered a hearty kick which made the enemy recoil with his tail between his legs and a loud *ki-yi*. "Brute," cried the woman, "to kick a little dog like that! That little creature, sir, is a pet, and is unused to such treatment;" and she bestowed a freezing glance upon the offender. "I beg your pardon, ma'am," replied he, "I did not mean to hurt your dog. You should have called him off when he was barking and snapping at my heels." "He would not have hurt you, sir," replied the woman. "He is a pet." "I did not care to be bitten by him, notwithstanding that fact, ma'am," returned the gentleman; "I am something of a favorite at home, myself."

Between You and Me.

"SHE is always the same," said a woman to me, with that ring in her voice which told of deep contentment in her statement. And I knew she must be speaking of one of those perfectly balanced natures which are at once our envy and our despair. For there are so few of us who are always the same; so few who, even if we are always the same to the world, have not our differences in private, little intimate changes of front, which would make our friends doubt our identity. The quiet, austere woman hides sometimes a capacity of emotion which may slumber during this little span of life for lack of provocative, or may burst forth and burn every effigy of discretion, pride and reserve which she has made of humbug and stuffed with straw, and hidden herself behind for years of insincere stolidity. The man may be so successful that he never needs to steal, but he is, in his heart, so bound to acquire wealth that he would have had it by foul means had fair ones not been kind enough to keep him honest. And when fortune does not smile, he steals; it is the same man. Sometimes it is not circumstance, but principle, which keeps people straight, but they are naturally crooked all the same. The man always finds it an effort to be honest, the woman an unnatural struggle to be good. These are crucial times, my masters! and the gold is in the fire.

There is a dangerous whisper taking voice in some quarters, which says, "It is but natural!" and thus excuses all things. It may be natural, but whether nature is always pure, always wise, always true, is doubtful. "True to nature" sounds very plausible, but to whose or what sort of nature? For nature varies and has her good and evil sides, and I have found that for one excuse made as above, for the former side, there are a dozen for the latter. Every one of us knows that we have at least two sides to our own individual natures, and that to say "It is but natural" would cover our best and our worst acts. Everything we do is but natural, and whether we say it in modest acknowledgment of the God in us, or in weak extenuation of the beast, is the real concern.

I have a curious sympathy for the Beast! In that wise and deep old fairy tale which we read so stupidly, but which ought to mean so much, much more than it does to child and grown-up. I used to find the keenest delight in my small days. I have read it with tears and finished it with rapture when I had to spell the long words, and never attempted to pronounce them before big people. Beauty was my hope, the Beast my great trouble. The kiss which set the Prince free was my climax to which I stumbled with ever-increasing interest, wet cheeks and a red nose. Other small girls yearned for Cinderella's coach of pumpkin, or the charms of Golden Locks, but I shamefacedly avowed that Beauty was the heroine I

Freddie—Ma, what is the baby's name?
 Ma—The baby hasn't any name.
 Freddie—Then how did he know he belonged here?—N. Y. Truth.

longed to emulate. One learns more, perhaps, than to believe in such an easy emancipation for a prisoned prince; that it is not a kiss, and presto! change, but, the rather, a struggle here, a wriggle there, a rent somewhere else, and the bonds burst after many an effort from the Prince himself and never a bit of magic from outside. Heigho! One gets sadly mixed up if one tries to dissect a fairy tale; life has so many of them, has it not? and it were as sensible to attempt to carve a soap-bubble! There arose a discussion some little time ago as to whether it were advisable to give the young ones fairy tales to read. I was so surprised at it! The idea of old folks deciding on such a matter. Why, childhood without fairy tales seems like a rose without a dew-drop, mignonette without a smell. If old folks knew how much more children know than old folks do, they would beware how they meddled with them in matters such as these. We get over believing in fairies; sometimes we are mercifully enlightened enough to recover from the getting over this belief, and to take back our early convictions with tender repentance. But because we lose our sense of smell shall we rob the violet of its perfume? Because we can't hear shall we rob a bird sing? The people who are satisfied with life without fairy tales have my sincerest pity. They go along with the folks who don't believe in real, rollicking fun; in mental telegraphy; in love at first sight, as we foolishly call our sure knowledge and memory; in those magnetic currents which pass from soul to soul, and thrill the very lives of us with harmony. Ah, the poor, blind, deaf, practical, material people!

What should one do when one hears a scandal, of the truth of which one has reasonable doubt? Bury it deep in that hole in one's mind where there is no sounding, perhaps! But there arises some qualm of conscience lest such a burying should only be because of indifference to the good name of some brother or sister, and perhaps also the conviction that others may hear the like tale. The officious impertinence which constitutes our neighbors the custodians of our good name is not the question here, but what should be the course to pursue if someone, not necessarily malicious, informs you of a scandal reported concerning one you esteem? I confess I don't know what to do in such a case. The thousand and one little-tattles which a woman must hear who meets many people endowed with the gift of speech, go straight through my head and leave no trace; the ear-holes were there before. I have heard so many people censured, when I had been behind the scenes and understood the beauty and the purity of actions misconstrued and criticized; I have weighed the gabbling utterances, or tried to, for no feather would poison them in their windy unreliability, and estimated them for their nothingness; but there sometimes comes a dead wall of statement that blocks one's love and sympathy and takes away one's breath. The possibility of its truth involves maybe the tragedy of more than one life, and yet, should it be true, there is a loyalty which must act upon it. If I had not heard—but I have heard, and so the heart swings uncertain as to its real duty, aching over a possible idol shattered, a dear ideal destroyed, doubting, shrinking, believing, raging against the one who has whispered such disturbing news, and so oppressed with its knowledge that one cannot look mankind in the face. I wonder do people who err ever consider the burden of trouble they may lay upon the souls of their friends?

LADY GAY.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon MUST accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

CLAIRDA.—A gentle, sympathetic and artistic nature, full of pretty, tactful ways, loving beauty and looking always on the sunny side of life. Writer is deliberate, bright and attractive in manner, very fond of her friends, and quite incapable of a gauche or harsh action. Refinement and good taste are her very atmosphere.

NALAD.—I. So you were in it, too. I also have been there as one of the principals. I can fancy I see you marching and I know you kept good time, you couldn't help it. 2. Your writing shows great force, strong individuality and a very harmonious disposition. You are somewhat averse to display of feeling, cautious in conversation, and can be trusted. Your ideas are clear and concise, and your perception



Freddie—Ma, what is the baby's name?
 Ma—The baby hasn't any name.
 Freddie—Then how did he know he belonged here?—N. Y. Truth.

bright. Imagination is fair, and a very fine sequence of ideas shown. You can always express yourself clearly. This is a very fine and attractive study.

NED HAY.—You should be a foreigner, too, like Giuseppe. It is the hand of a clever person, who thinks a good deal and is exceedingly decided in his opinions, though not apt to force them unduly on others. A very affectionate and warm heart, not hardened against the opposite sex; a rather quick perception; a manner apt to be attractive and enthusiastic; a mind capable of keen and concentrated thought; a tinge of pessimism and a love of bright and cheerful things; the ability to keep his own counsel and sometimes decidedly original methods are shown.

ALLAN ARMADA.—You are companionable, depending for many of your best pleasures on others, and have a smart, cheerful and independent way of looking at life. A good deal of imagination, excellent discretion and temper to match. You are not afraid of work, nor do you lightly relinquish any project; affection is plain, and I think you are ambitious to rise considerably above your present position. Not over-sensitive, nor apt to be lightly influenced, and able to turn your hand to different occupations with considerable facility. This delineation is from your letter. See answer to Wondering Curiosity. The doggerel I did not see until afterwards.

RED ELMER.—Here's another alien, and a nice one, too. I am getting studies from the ends of the earth, it seems. And so you've been reading Anthony Hope, my fine fellow. I hope you enjoyed him as much as I did. You are the brightest of the three which came together. Your mind jumps at things. You are not so firm in your purpose nor so powerful as I should like, but 'tis your nature to touch things lightly in your mental domain. You cannot argue to a bitter end; don't try to. You have tact, sympathy, gentleness, artistic temperament and love of beautiful and dainty things. And if you'd not written on ruled paper I'd have been glad.

A. H. K.—I. "I had the misfortune, or fortune, to be the eldest son," writes this correspondent. Don't you know, you lucky man, of the advantages one secures by being a first child? If you don't, you'd better study up and find out. Please don't ever say it's a misfortune, anyway, for I share it with you. 2. Your writing is that of a cheerful, courageous, independent person, with quick sympathies, warm affections, and very energetic and practical methods. If you only stick to things you'll be what the funny porter in last week's play called "A Wonder!" You have a clear, logical mind, good perseverance, and facility. I don't see where the "misfortune" comes in with such a good backbone as yours.

ELLAS.—If your face smarts and burns after having been out in the frosty wind, put a careful touch of Miss Mootie's invaluable Jasmine Kosmo on it, and you will find it most soothing. It is a good plan to wear a veil, but the breath moistens it and the moisture chaps the nose and lips. If you use the powder, put a good touch of the Jasmine Kosmo on before you go out, wipe the face gently with a linen handkerchief and powder plentifully, dusting the powder off afterwards. Enough will remain to shield the skin from frost. "It's all a lot of Tommyrot" that powder should not be used. Just mark the difference between the red-nosed, shiny-skinned women and the softly powdered ones on bitter days.



Fifty Years Ago.

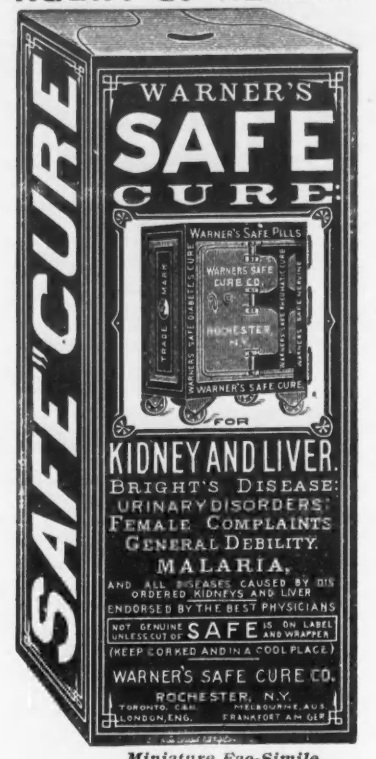
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 Affection's budding blisses;
 When ardent lovers took their fill,
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 How happy they were not to know
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Daughter—George says he fears he can't support me in the style I'm accustomed to. The Father—Marry him, anyhow. I can't keep it up much longer myself.—*Town Topics*.

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The experience of physicians and the public proves that taking Scott's Emulsion produces an immediate increase in flesh; it is therefore of the highest value in wasting diseases and consumption.



One hundred water-colors are now on exhibition at Mr. O'Brien's studio in College street. They will be exhibited to the public next Tuesday and Wednesday at the rooms of C. J. Townsend in King street, and will be sold there on Thursday afternoon. The range of these pictures is a very wide one. They include work done among the peaks and valleys of the Rocky Mountains, and on the Pacific coast; fields, lakes and streams from Ontario; many studies brought from the extreme east of our land; and English rural landscape with quaint nestling villages, sea coasts with bold promontories or well-wooded slopes, and the open sea with the picturesque red-brown sails of the fishing-boats. The execution of these varied pictures extends over about twenty-five years; I believe the earliest is dated 1872. It is a view of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa, and was exhibited at the second exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists held in what was then the Mechanics' Institute, now the Public Library. Mr. O'Brien has been represented in the best known English exhibitions, such as the Royal Academy, the Royal Institute, the Grosvenor Gallery, the Royal Society of British Artists and the Dudley Gallery. His pictures on these occasions have received most favorable criticisms from the leading English papers. His Lake Louise, exhibited at the Royal Institute, was placed just beneath a large canvas by Sir John Gilbert, which occupied the place of honor in the exhibition. It is gratifying to find that foreign journals recognized the merit of these pictures, and found in their technique those qualities which we have always associated with Mr. O'Brien's work; a genuine love for his subject, and a conscientiousness which never lets him slight any part of what he does. As I looked around the studio I felt that none of the pictures possessed greater charm than those which give us various aspects of our own Canadian trees and streams; and it set me wondering whether the things nearest at hand do not always furnish the best material for the painter. That story is eternally true of the artist who searched diligently for the choicest materials with which to paint his Madonna, only to find that his inspiration had fled; so when the heavenly vision was vouchsafed to him again he quietly made use of the rough wood panel at his side, and with the common means at hand produced the marvel of his time. A Mill-race on the Humber is one of the smaller pictures, but one of the happiest in treatment, and is thoroughly representative of the artist in both choice of subject and technique. The sky struck me as particularly beautiful; its masses of cloud were not heavy, though piled high; they were the large, luminous clouds of summer which never bring storm, but rest tranquilly on our horizons through the long days, disappearing at night. All who are familiar with Mr. O'Brien's work know that the sky is always an important feature, though it rarely forms the picture. I was impressed by the variety in these skies; to those who can read the language it tells a story of years of loving and patient labor. It is so much easier to paint one phase of nature, an evening sky, or the sky of bright mid-day, than to paint all phases, early, late, stormy and cloudless, with all the varieties of each; but he who aims at this wide range gives the best years of his life to its accomplishment. This collection includes the large *Out Into the Night*, which we have all seen and admired, and the *Golden Autumn*, which the *London Star* commented upon so favorably. In the nature of things an exhibition

like the present cannot be made again, and it is safe to predict that it will be an event of great artistic importance.

Describing a visit to Degas' studio, a modern writer says: "One morning in May a friend tried the door. It is always strictly fastened, and when shaken vigorously a voice calls from some loophole; if the visitor be an intimate friend, a string is pulled and he is allowed to stumble his way up the cork-screw staircase into the studio. There are neither Turkey carpets nor Japanese screens, nor indeed any of those signs whereby we know the dwelling of the modern artist. Only at the further end, where the artist works, is there daylight. In perennial gloom and dust the vast canvases of his youth are piled up in formidable barricades. Great wheels belonging to lithographic presses—lithography was for a time one of Degas' avocations—suggest a printing office. There is much decaying sculpture—dancing-girls modeled in red wax, some dressed in muslin skirts, strange dolls—dolls, if you will, but dolls modeled by a man of genius." And further on the same writer says that Degas has always despised all that vain clamor which many artists are apt to consider essential, and without which they are inclined to deem themselves unjustly treated or misunderstood. This austerity, however, is softened and made not only bearable, but most winsome and engaging, by the conviction which his manner instills of the very real truth, of the unimpeachableness of the wisdom which he expresses by the general conduct of his life. "Nor is it ever the black wisdom of the pessimist, which says there is no worth in anything but death, but the deeper wisdom, born, it is true, of pessimism, but tempered in the needs of life, which says: 'Expend not your strength in vain struggling in the illusive world, which tempts you out of yourself; success and failure lie within and not without you; know yourself, and seek to bring yourself into harmony with the Will from which you cannot escape, but with which you may bring yourself into obedience, and so obtain peace.'"

Mr. Edmund M. Morris is represented at the exhibition of the American Water-Color Society in New York by two pictures, *The Moors* and *Near the Downs*. Mr. Morris will send this year for the first time to the Royal Canadian Academy; his contribution includes pictures in both oil and water-color, and in both mediums his work is sure to attract favorable notice. Among the oils are *Girls Gathering*, *Poppies*, which was mentioned some weeks ago, and a low-toned, Rembrandt-like study of a man in hat and cloak, the only bright spots being the lower part of the face left unshadowed by the hat, and a suggestion of the hand which holds the cloak. Another interesting canvas shows us a strip of pale yellow sky on the horizon met by lowering clouds; it is evident that the storm is just over, and this effect immediately following storm is the subject of the picture, though the painter has introduced several windmills stretching their gaunt arms against the sky. On asking the title of this canvas the artist was at a loss. Mr. Morris evidently does not look up interesting titles and then paint pictures to fit them. He searches for the phase, the effect, which appeals strongly to him, wisely concluding that if he succeeds in representing it, it will speak for itself, and that the very simplest title is all that is necessary for catalogue purposes.

Miss Spurr has, like the rest of our artists, reviewed her recent work and chosen some five or six canvases for the coming Academy exhibition. Foremost in artistic importance, though not in size, is a water-color painted in the late autumn on the banks of the Humber; it is a simple combination of distant trees, a foreground of river, and trees again in the middle distance; but the pale sunlight of November is there, and the browns and purples of the dying year. A large oil, a spring effect, is more striking and contains pleasing qualities, though a certain coldness and harshness, perhaps always belonging to the season, prevent it from giving that pleasure which a warmer, more mellow effect usually gives. It was painted near Doon, a locality which has furnished much valuable material to our landscape painters.

There is much truth in the following lines from *The Clack Book*. Mr. R. B. Peattie, who writes them, knows the secret of these two artists in line:

Said a Beardsley boy to a Bradley girl
Whom he met on a poster blue:
"I haven't an idea who I am,
And who the deuce are you?"
Said the Bradley girl to the Beardsley boy:
"I'll tell you what I think:
I came into being one night last week
When a cat tipped over the ink."

The great question that can never be answered, seems to be also an old question, as witness this from the Conundrum of the Workshops:

"When the flush of a new-born sun first fell on
Eden's green and gold,
Our father Adam sat under the tree and scratched
with a stick in the mold:
And the first rude sketch that the world had seen
was joy to his mighty heart.
Till the devil whispered behind the leaves, 'It's
pretty, but is it art?'"

Mr. Walter S. Alward has in his studio two very promising busts which we hope to see at the Academy exhibition in Ottawa. One is the head of a young girl, which if it fulfills its present promise will be full of character. Mr. Alward is also among the wise who do not work for exhibitions, but only send when they have work which has been completed at their leisure.

The date of the opening of the Royal Canadian Academy at Ottawa has been changed to a week later, so that it does not coincide with the opening of Parliament. March 17 is the day fixed.

Miss Hagarty has sent out from Paris a number of canvases intended for the spring exhibitions. They are not yet on view, but we hope to speak of them later.

Miss Tully is busy in her Arcade studio with

an important work in wood-carving, a memorial for St. Thomas's church.

The exhibition of water-colors by Mr. Boulton, at Matthews' Gallery, closes to-day.

LYNN C. DOYLE.

Up-to-Date Parties.

The children's party given in New York recently by Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Beckwith is the third of a series of quaint costume affairs which are the ruling fad among the well set there this winter. Mr. Hermann Oelrichs's vaudeville dinner was the first. The second was the famous vaudeville supper given by Mr. James Lawrence Breese in his studio, upon which occasion Mrs. George B. de Forest's gown caught fire, and she had to be deluged with champagne to save her life. The Beckwith affair was given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. John Cowdin, as a graceful recognition of Mrs. Cowdin's services to society as the discoverer of the possibilities of vaudeville in private life. Mrs. Cowdin's original vaudeville supper was given two seasons ago at her house. She called it *A Supper at the Black Cat*—referring to the celebrated restaurant of that name in Paris, a portion of which was faithfully reproduced in Mrs. Cowdin's dining-room. One of the special hits of the evening was the appearance of Mrs. Carroll Beckwith as a schoolgirl in a stiffly starched linen frock, embarrassedly fingering her coral necklace as she sang a repertoire of "good little girl" songs. At this affair, and at others which followed it—notably the Calvin S. Brice vaudeville dinner, at which Maggie Cline appeared—professional people contributed a portion of the programme.

Helpless on the Shoals.

A great steamship, feeling her way in a fog, ran upon a low mud bank and stuck fast, about twenty miles from her port. She had on board a valuable cargo and nearly three hundred passengers, most of whom were almost within sight of their homes. The tug came and tried vainly to pull her into deep water. The officers were as able navigators as there had ever been. But she was helpless, and it was dead low water. Only one thing could be done—to wait. A few hours later the Captain said to his passengers, "The tide is rising; we shall be off presently." Sixty minutes more and the ship floated. It was now noon. At two o'clock sharp the impatient voyagers stepped ashore. They might have been delayed longer save for the one fact which the captain had announced in four words.

Perhaps this simple and not uncommon incident may contain a lesson for you and me. Suppose we draw a little comparison, and see. The man who learns nothing from things at his elbow will only waste his time going to college.

Mr. William Jordan is grocer and post-master at Bright Waltham, Wantage, Berks, where everybody knows him and believes in him. On December 7th, 1893, he wrote a letter to a friend, and by consent of both parties we print a part of it.

"In the autumn of 1890," he says, "I had an attack of influenza. The effects of it lingered with me. I had no heart for anything. I was tired, languid and weary. My appetite fell away, and what I did eat gave me no sense of tightness and fullness at the chest; my bowels were very constipated, and I suffered much from headache. Sharp pains often caught me between the shoulders and my breathing was very bad. I kept on with my work, but, on account of my weakness, the task was doubly hard. For about four months I was like this, when one day the thought came to me to try a medicine that so many of my customers bought of me and spoke so highly of. I carried out this idea, and after I had taken one bottle of it I noticed this first of all—*My appetite was better*. I could eat; I relished my food; I got stronger. I took another bottle and was as well as ever. That is three years ago, and I haven't had a touch of illness since. (Signed) William Jordan."

One more letter—short and right straight to the point. Mr. William R. Saunders writes it. He is a newsagent and lives at Old Town, Wotton-under-Edge, Gloucestershire. His letter is dated November 7, 1893, just one month to a day earlier than Mr. Jordan's. That merely happens so, the two gentlemen having no knowledge of each other.

"In the spring of 1891," says Mr. Saunders, "I found myself out of sorts all unexpectedly. I couldn't fancy what had come over me. I was weak, and tired. I could eat hardly anything, and what I did eat gave me so much pain and distress that I came to dread sitting down to a meal. There were pains in my chest, sides, and back, between the shoulder-blades. Then I got so weak that my work was a sort of drag on my hands, and when I went walking I was so short of breath I had to stop and rest here and there. I took medicines the doctor gave me, and pills, etc., that my friends recommended; but it was no use, they didn't help me. And all the time, month after month, I was getting weaker and weaker. At last I got a bottle of medicine from Bristol that was right. That one bottle had this effect at first. *My appetite came back*, and when I got through with the second bottle I was completely cured. (Signed) William R. Saunders."

Now for the lesson. You see what it is, of course, but let's have it in words. When the ship was fast on the shoal only one thing helped her—the rising tide.

When these two men were fast on the shoal of illness only one thing helped them—the rising tide. With eating and digestion came strength and health, for the trouble was that universal destroyer and deceiver, indigestion and dyspepsia.

The tide rose to the pull of the moon. The languid appetite is aroused by the medicine finally resorted to by both our correspondents—Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup.

"Why is it," shrieked the reform orator, "that the moral elements of the community cannot stand shoulder to shoulder as the forces of sin do?" "Coz there won't none of 'em admit anybody else is right," explained the man in the red necktie who had been regarded with suspicion ever since he entered the hall.—*Chicago Journal*.

"It," said the grinning savage, as he turned the machine-gun on the discomfited Christian civilization, "squared along the barrel, got the range, straightened himself up, and set one of his followers to turning the crank, 'is a poor Maxim that won't work both ways.'—*Indianapolis Journal*.

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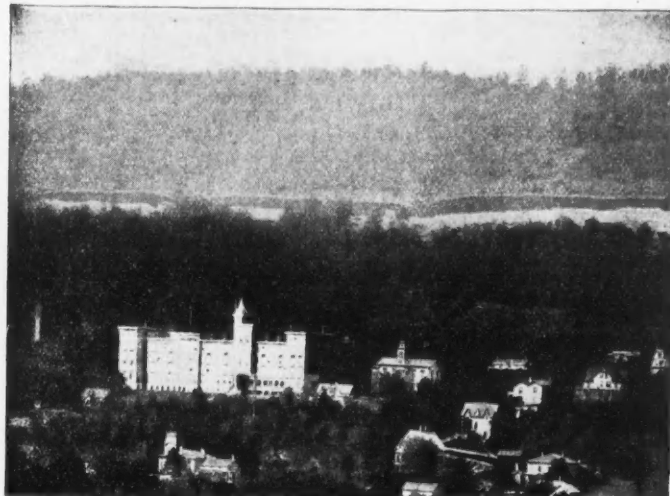
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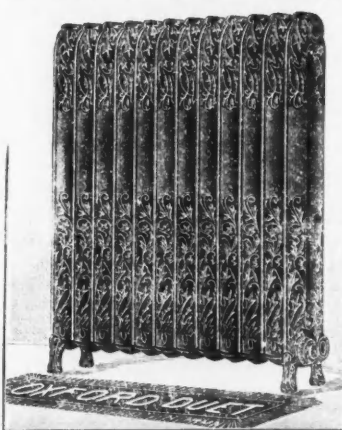
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Music.

The song recital by pupils of Mr. W. Elliott Haslam at Nordheimer's on Saturday afternoon last attracted a large and critical audience despite very unpropitious weather. A programme of unusual merit had been chosen, and the manner in which it was carried out was a tribute to the excellence of Mr. Haslam's methods of instruction and a proof of the careful oversight which he exercises over those studying under him. The following well known vocalists participated: Miss Editha Hirst, Miss Hawley, Mrs. Crowley, Mr. W. E. Rundle, Mr. A. M. Gorré and Mr. W. R. Percival Parker. The songs rendered covered a wide range of vocal repertoire, including compositions by Van der Stucken, Lynes, García, Flotow, Wallace, Handel, Dell'Acqua, Rubinstein, Sullivan and Verdi. All who participated were the fortunate possessors of good natural voices, and demonstrated in their work the result of systematic culture. Mr. Rundle's rendering of Rubinstein's A Flower Thou Art was most enthusiastically received. This gifted young tenor should be heard more frequently on the concert platform. His voice, a pure tenor of rare quality, furnishes a refreshing contrast to the baritone tenors whose alternate shouting and cheap mezzo voice effects are heard *ad nauseam* on the local concert stage. Mrs. Crowley's well trained voice was displayed to much advantage, especially in *coloratura* singing: Mr. Gorré sang with admirable effect in the *Miserere* scene from *Il Trovatore*, with Miss Hawley: Miss Hirst also sang with excellent taste and was warmly applauded. Not the least pleasing feature of the recital was Mr. Percival Parker's musicianly rendering of Handel's Why do the Nations, and Sullivan's Jolly Jenkins. Mr. Parker's fine bass voice was particularly effective in the oratorio aria, which was given with much dramatic power. The recital as a whole was a most enjoyable affair and reflected credit upon Mr. Haslam and all who participated.

Mr. Sieveking, whose recital in Association Hall on Friday evening next is awaited with the keenest interest in local musical circles, was born in Amsterdam in 1867, and is still a very young man. His first lessons in music were given him by his father; he was a precocious child and at a very early age showed his fondness for music. For eight years he studied the piano, harmony and counterpoint at the Leipzig Conservatory, after which time his masters told him that he had learned all that they could teach him, and that the rest depended on himself. Leaving Leipzig, Sieveking went to Paris, where a suite written by him was played by the Lamoureux Orchestra. In 1890 he made an art journey with Patti and created a very favorable impression. He visited America in 1895, and in December of that year he appeared at a Boston symphony concert, playing the Saint-Saens G minor concerto. On this occasion he aroused the greatest enthusiasm, and the critics, without exception, gave him the very highest praise. Sieveking is descended from the Dutch aristocracy, and his family have produced several distinguished artists, musicians and diplomats. The plan for his recital here opened at Nordheimer's yesterday.

Mr. J. Edmund Jaques of Leipzig, Germany, formerly of Brantford, has forwarded a most interesting letter of his experiences in various parts of the Fatherland during the past few months. Mr. Jaques in a previous letter to SATURDAY NIGHT gave some instructive notes of music life in Wiesbaden, where he had spent a portion of the summer as a vocal student under the eminent master of Plunket Greene, Marie Brema and others. From his second letter I extract the following:

In my last mention was not made of the music at the Russian Greek church in Wiesbaden. It is a short distance from the center of the town, beautifully situated amid the woods. There, in the most romantic surroundings, I heard the finest unaccompanied singing that is possible to imagine. The choir is composed of tenors and basses, and to hear the latter sustain low "C" with absolute purity of intonation was a treat one seldom experiences. The Russians are famous for their deep voices, and these singers were a capital example of what they can do, a *capella*.

At Frankfurt-on-the-Main I saw, for the first time, Wagner's Rheingold. Here, as in every part of Germany I have yet visited, there was a grand orchestra.

In September I reached this world-renowned music center, Leipzig, and at once entered the Conservatorium. . . . I had often heard in times past of the singing at St. Thomas' church. I shall never forget the first time I heard this famous choir. To hear those boys sing the difficult works of Bach unaccompanied is truly worth coming to Germany for. Another thing pleased me here. The alto part is taken also by boys, much more preferable than the English system of alto voices. The music student has great advantages here in hearing all kinds of music cheaply. When we take for example the weekly Gewandhaus concerts, with that price of conductors, Mr. Arthur Nikisch, a safe guarantee that everything will be as near perfection as it ever reaches this side of Jordan.

By the way, at the personal invitation of Herr Nikisch, the writer has become a member of his Gewandhaus Chor, a privilege one cannot overestimate. There weekly I have an opportunity of seeing at private rehearsals how exacting he is in the minutest detail. Goldmark's new opera, The Cricket on the Hearth, is very popular just now. I had the pleasure of seeing the premiere performance in Leipzig. Having already seen it in Berlin, was able to compare the two. The singers are better here, but the orchestra at the capital is superior to local forces.

Herr Zwintscher, who has been a teacher at the Conservatory since 1875, has resigned, and goes to Dresden at Christmas. Herr Robert Teichmüller is his successor, a resident of Leipzig.

Mrs. Fred W. Lee's piano recital in St. George's Hall on Thursday evening last proved one of the most interesting and enjoyable events of the kind given in the city during the present season. A very large and cultured audience was in attendance, and the enthusiastic applause bestowed upon the talented performer, who is one of the most finished of the many excellent soloists who have graduated with Mr. H. M. Field, was a gratifying index of the im-

pression created by her admirable interpretation of a varied and exacting programme, which was given in the following order:

1. Weber. Andante and Rondo. From Sonata in A Flat, op. 38. (Etude, Op. 25, No. 2.)
2. Chopin. Nocturne, Op. 9, No. 1.
3. Raff. Rigaudon.
4. Mendelssohn-Liszt. Auf Flügeln des Gesanges. Mendelssohn. Scherzo, Op. 16, No. 2.
5. Chopin. Concerto, F Minor. Larghetto, Allegro Vivace. (Orchestral accompaniment on Second Piano by Mr. Harry M. Field.)

A brilliant and clean-cut technique and a fine musical intelligence were revealed by the soloist in all her work. The programme was made further interesting through the rendering of several well chosen vocal numbers by the popular tenor, Mr. Walter H. Robinson. Beethoven's Adelaide and Liszt's Thou Art Like a Lovely Flower were sung with admirable sentiment and artistic repose. The splendid Knabe Grand used by Mrs. Lee was much admired by those present.

A correspondent enquires about the chances for a musical festival in Toronto in commemoration of Her Majesty's Diamond Jubilee. From present indications it does not appear likely that anything will materialize out of all the talk of the past few months concerning a proposed festival in June next. This is to be regretted. SATURDAY NIGHT is of the opinion, however, that the day has gone by when June musical festivals can be undertaken with any prospect of either artistic or financial success. The wonderful changes which have been brought about through the wide-spread use of the bicycle would seriously interfere with the recruiting of material for a festival chorus. A limited number only could be found who would be willing to sacrifice the delights of bicycling in the spring and early summer evenings to the routine of rehearsals in close rooms. In like manner would the audience be affected. Musical festivals should be held no later than the beginning of May if there is to be any prospect of success. The musical doings of our local celebration in June



Mr. Sieveking.

next will probably partake of a patriotic nature rather than of the usual oratorio concerts. If anything of an artistic character is contemplated it is high time that a move were being made in the matter.

After long waiting and much speculation, the important position of the St. George's Hall Organistship, Liverpool, is filled. At a meeting of the Finance and Estate Committee of the Corporation, held recently, the report of the referees—Dr. Villiers Stanford, Dr. J. F. Bridge and Dr. E. J. Hopkins—was submitted. There were in all forty-seven applications, and six candidates competed in the final test held in the Albert Hall, London. The examiners recommended the appointment of Albert Lister Peace, Mus. Doc., Oxon., organist of Glasgow Cathedral, and the committee eventually passed a resolution recommending the Council to appoint Dr. Peace. This gentleman has long commanded the respect of musicians and the public for his work in Glasgow, and his career in Liverpool will be watched with interest. He is a brilliant performer and an all-round cultured artist.

Herr Klingensfeld's orchestral concert in Association Hall on Tuesday evening next promises to be an exceptionally interesting event. The orchestra is composed of forty-seven performers, and they are said to have their work remarkably well in hand. Mozart's overture to The Elopement from the Serail; two numbers for string orchestra by Grieg; Reminiscences from Carmen by Bizet; a set of Strauss' waltzes and Meyerbeer's Coronation March from The Prophet, will constitute the orchestral numbers. The assisting artists are: Miss Ada Hart, pianist; Mr. Walter Robinson, tenor; Mr. J. McDunnough, violinist; Mr. Paul Hahn, cellist; Mr. E. Farringer, cornetist, and Mrs. H. Klingensfeld, accompanist. Admission tickets can be had for twenty-five cents, or reserved seat tickets for fifty cents. The plan opened yesterday at Nordheimer's.

Mr. J. M. Sherlock sang the tenor solos in the recent performance of Rossini's Stabat Mater by the Hamilton Choral Society. The Hamilton Herald refers to his singing on this occasion in the following complimentary terms: "Mr. Sherlock is a Toronto vocalist, and this being his first appearance in this city more than ordinary interest was manifested in his efforts. He has that control of his voice which indicates careful training, and he sings with refreshing ease. His most pleasing bit of work last evening was in the tuneful little ballad, The Student's Serenade, by Hattori. This number was warmly received, and being obliged to respond to an encore, he responded with the old Scotch song, Annie Laurie."

The Hamilton Choral Society gave a perform-

ance of Rossini's Stabat Mater on Thursday evening of last week. Local papers speak highly of the work of the chorus, orchestra and soloists. Following the rendering of the Stabat Mater, a miscellaneous programme of much interest was given. The conductor, Mr. C. L. M. Harris, and the orchestra which bears his name and which tendered its services free of charge, are given much praise for the manner in which they contributed to the success of an exceptionally enjoyable concert. The next concert of the Society is fixed for Good Friday evening, when Handel's Messiah will be produced.

Miss Mullin, a pupil of Mrs. J. W. Bradley, sang recently with much success in St. John's church, Port Hope. The Port Hope Evening Guide in referring to this talented young lady's singing says: "During the offertory at evening service, Miss Mullin favored the congregation with a beautiful solo. Miss Mullin is decidedly an acquisition to the musical element of Port Hope. Her voice is a soprano of good range, clear and bell-like in its tones of good power. She sings with excellent taste, expression and intonation and her enunciation is more than usually good."

Mr. Holmes Cowper, a former Torontonian, now living in London, England, has been appointed tenor soloist at the Church of St. James, Piccadilly. Mr. Cowper was about eighteen months ago connected with the Winnipeg branch of the Imperial bank and has since been studying under Mr. Frederick Walker at the Royal Academy of Music. Previous to going to the North-West he was attached to the head offices of the Imperial in this city. His success abroad will be of interest to his many friends in Toronto.

The committee of the Mendelssohn Choir at a recent meeting appropriated the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars for charitable purposes, dividing the amount equally between the Sick Children's Hospital, Children's Shelter, Indian Famine Fund, Women's Industrial Rooms and the House of Providence.

Mr. Harry M. Field's second piano recital for this season will take place on the evening of March 2. The programme will be announced in a later issue. MODERATO.

Mrs. Crimmonbeak (as her husband comes in late at night)—What does the clock say, John? Mr. Crimmonbeak (with difficulty)—Nothing, madam, nothing. It's got sense enough to say nothing.—Yonkers Statesman.

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Social and Personal.

Miss Barnes of Kentucky is visiting Mrs. MacArthur of 117 Madison avenue. Many will remember Miss Barnes' visit last summer and welcome her gladly.

Mrs. E. E. Worthington of Chicago is visiting Mrs. F. J. Phillips of Queen's Park. Many friends will be glad to see this charming lady again.

Handsome Mr. Harty was much welcomed on Wednesday and is looking quite better after his long invalidism. He was host to a very jolly party for tea, after opening hour, in his rooms at the Parliament Buildings.

Mrs. Pope came up on Wednesday evening to take Miss Pope to Colorado on a trip. Miss Pope has been on a very pleasant visit at Benvenuto.

Among this week's dinner parties were Col. and Mrs. Sweny's at Rohallion, on Friday; Judge and Mrs. Kingsmill's on Thursday, and a very dainty little dinner for the Speaker at Mr. Thomas Hodgins' on Thursday.

Mrs. Mackay of Dundonald will be at home on Saturday next, from half-past four to seven o'clock.

On Tuesday Rev. William Patterson officiated at a quiet but pretty wedding in Cooke's church, when Mr. Arthur E. Craig was united in marriage to Miss Belle Pearson. The bride wore a smart tailor-made gown of emerald purple, with large picture hat to match, and carried bridal roses. She was attended by her sister, Miss Ruth, while the groomsmen were Mr. Herbert Sheppard. Mr. and Mrs. Craig left on the two o'clock train for New York City.

"That is the handsomest gown I've seen," remarked a lady as Mrs. W. F. Maclean slipped quietly into a place on the floor of the House last Wednesday, and indeed it was a charming frock, in which the brown-eyed lady looked well. Mrs. Fred Mowat was a demure little lady in a mouse-gray gown, and white fichu; Mrs. Sterling Ryerson wore a

handsome black satin, with bodice of gray and rose color; Lady Howland wore petunia velvet trimmed with mink; Mrs. Monck wore a black afternoon dress, with rich gold embroidered bodice; Mrs. Dawson was in black, her daughters in pretty evening frocks of blue and shell-pink; Mrs. Henry Cawthra wore a deep red brocade; Mrs. John Cawthra and Miss Cawthra were handsomely gowned, the elder lady in gray with white satin and jetted lace, her daughter in a very handsome light calling costume, with ermine furs; Mrs. Hamilton Merritt was in calling dress of pale blue and green, very dainty and Parisian; Mrs. Willison wore a reception gown and a very smart hat.

A number of young people are looking forward to the party to be held in Pythian Hall on Friday evening, February 19.

Mrs. J. W. Magee of 359 Huron street has her sister, Mrs. R. A. McAllister of Milwaukee, visiting her, also Mrs. W. Flint Jones of Belleville.

Mrs. Fuller of Dunbar road gave a pretty luncheon on Wednesday.

A number of friends took tea with Mrs. Street Maclean at The Glen on Wednesday to bid her good-bye. Everyone will miss the dear little lady. Mrs. Fleming had a meeting of her girls friendly to say farewell, and all hope she will derive much benefit from her trip abroad.

Miss Douglas of St. Alban street gave a luncheon and matinee party to eight young friends on Wednesday.

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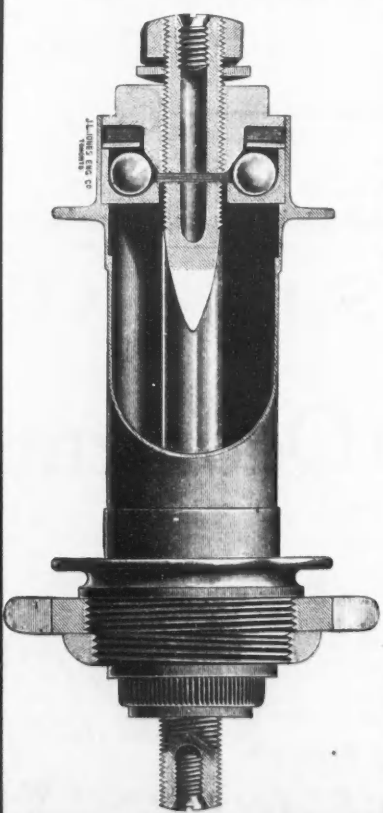
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Social and Personal.

"On Friday evening, February 5, Clayfields, Parkdale, the residence of Mr. W. Croft, was the scene of a very brilliant gathering, the occasion being an At Home given by Miss Croft to a large number of her young friends.

Mrs. J. W. B. Walsh (nee Wood of Hamilton) will be At Home to her friends at 27 Brunswick avenue on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, February 17, 18 and 19.

Miss Corby, daughter of Mr. H. Corby, M.P., of Belleville, is the guest of Mrs. Beatty, 168 Isabella street.

Mrs. T. C. Street Macklem and Mrs. Charles Fleming left yesterday for the south of Europe, where they will remain for some months.

Mr. Heathcote, the very able and popular curate of St. Simon's, is resigning his position shortly.

A literary critic has also remarked to me that one of the trio of handsome daughters of Mrs. Fitzgerald of 46 Bloor street west has been a successful authoress, though I believe her graceful writings were only printed for circulation among friends.

The thaw and rain last Saturday spoiled several outings, and even the *esprit de corps* of the Driving Club was overcome by rain. The president had counted on a drive to Lambton Mills for five o'clock tea, in lieu of the usual jollification at the Club House, but the clerk of the weather said "No."

On St. Valentine's Eve three teas, each attracting a fair amount of interest, and all sure to be pleasant, are to be held. Mrs. Hamilton Merritt's is *facile princeps* of the three, and I sincerely hope for that dainty lady that she is quite restored to her never very robust health. The third time usually is the charm, and this third date may prove only a postponement to greater success. Mrs. McIntyre, not far from Mrs. Merritt, and in the same thoroughfare, is another of this afternoon's hostesses, so that many can enjoy both teas without loss of time. And a third tea, perhaps the jolliest kind of a tea that we go to, is to be given by a trio of bachelors, of whom and of which more anon!

Miss Stegmann, who was among the brightest and prettiest of Mrs. Howard's guests at her musicale on Tuesday evening, is now quite ill with bronchitis.

On next Saturday afternoon the Faculty of Moulton College give an At Home from 4.30 to 7 o'clock.

Mrs. Hardy's reception will be the mid-week event of the coming seven days. Guests will enter by the large south door, facing College street, and find their hostess in the Speaker's rooms at the north-west angle of the immense pile.

Mrs. Frank Macdonald of Canaan, Wellington place, entertained a number of people at what last Saturday night in honor of her sister, Mrs. Worthington of Sherbrooke, who left on Thursday for Montreal, where she will meet Dr. Worthington. I understand Dr. and Mrs. Worthington intend visiting in Montreal before returning to Sherbrooke.

The news of the death of Mr. Harry Meyer, Q.C., which took place at Banff on February 5, was received with great regret by his hosts of friends. Mr. Meyer had the biggest heart and the most level head of anyone I have met: a great, strong man, keenly intellectual, yet depending, true German-wise, for his greatest happiness on the love and good-fellowship of his friends and family circle. He was a leader in political and municipal affairs and held several important offices.

The Black Patti.

The sale of seats for the Black Patti engagement at the Toronto Opera House during the entire week of February 22 will begin at 9 a.m. on Monday at the box-office of the theater. Considering the great expense necessary to secure this attraction it is considered a great concession on the part of the local management



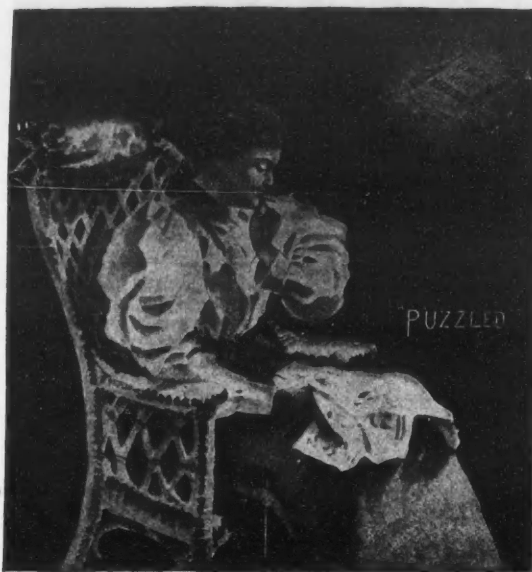
Black Patti.

to allow the customary popular prices of the house to remain unchanged during this engagement. Manager Small is authority for the statement that it will be absolutely necessary for the Toronto to be filled at each of the nine performances to be given, in order that the Black Patti Company may close the week with a profit.

Big Ball at Oshawa.

There will be a great social event at Oshawa on February 19. The immense factory of The Williams Piano Co. will be thrown open for the enjoyment of those who attend the ball. The Committee are putting forth special efforts to make the affair much grander than heretofore, and have arranged with the Grand Trunk Railway to run a special train from Toronto for the convenience of city people, the return trip to be 75 cts. This grand fete is gotten up specially to help the Benefit Society in Oshawa, and much trouble and money have been expended for the pleasures of that night. The train will leave the Grand Trunk Depot at 7 p.m., returning by 7 a.m. next day. Ball and railroad tickets are now on sale at Williams' Music House, 143 Yonge street.

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Births.

EVANS—At Acacia Lodge, Owen Sound, on Feb. 3, the wife of H. P. Evans of a son.
MILNE—Feb. 5, Mrs. J. A. Milne—a son.
ANDREWS—Feb. 3, Mrs. C. H. Andrews—a son.
HORNIBROOK—Beaconsfield, Feb. 4, Mrs. G. H. Hornibrook—a daughter.
MANNING—Whitby, Feb. 3, Mrs. T. Manning—twins son and daughter.
MOLONY—Hillsburg, Feb. 8, Mrs. Ed. H. Molony—a daughter.
WILLIAMSON—Feb. 7, Mrs. T. B. Williamson—a son.
RENNIE—Feb. 2, Mrs. Thomas Rennie—a daughter.
JENKINS—Owen Sound, Feb. 3, Mrs. W. H. Jenkins—a son.

Marriages.

YOUNG—PETERSON—Feb. 10, Hugh A. Young to Anna M. Peterson.
REYNOLDS—WITLER—Feb. —, Geo. E. Reynolds to Eleanor Jennie Witler.

Deaths.

JENNINGS—Feb. 9, Margaret Douglas Jennings, aged 85.
MACKAY—Feb. 9, Isabel Mackay, aged 57.
KENNY—Feb. 10, Martha Kenny, aged 77.
O'MALLEY—Feb. 4, Elizabeth O'Malley, aged 74.
MCCAGUE—Newtonbrook, Feb. 4, Duncan McCague, aged 86.
GUEST—New York, Feb. 3, John H. Guest.
FITZPATRICK—Feb. 6, W. L. Fitzpatrick, aged 64.
LILLIMAN—Feb. 5, Ada Beatrice Lilliman, aged 27.
PARES—New York, Jan. 31, Georgina Marie Pares.
PARK—Hamilton, Feb. 7, Elizabeth Hood Park.
SILVESTER—Virden, Man., Feb. —, Laurence Silvester, aged 24.
BOWES—Feb. 9, Harold Robertson Bowes, aged 7.
STEEN—Feb. 5, Annie Steen, aged 16.
HEALY—Barrie, Feb. 7, Mary Healy.
HEMINGWAY—Feb. 7, Jonathan Hemingway, aged 48.
JONES—Feb. 7, Mary Ann Jones, aged 57.
HARPER—Feb. 10, Daniel Harper, aged 86.
HERTZBERG—Christiana Norway, Jan. 24, Colonel P. H. Hertzberg, aged 72.

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